

1½d.

Daily Mirror

No. 308.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

A "Daily Mirror"
MINIATURE
is the proper
thing to wear.
See page 6.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, BRITAIN'S MAN OF THE MOMENT.



Lord Charles Beresford giving instructions to one of his officers.—(Shaw.)



Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, in command of the Channel Fleet, who will take active steps to check the progress of the Russian Baltic Fleet unless within the time stipulated by the British Government the terms of its demand are conceded.—(Barraud.)



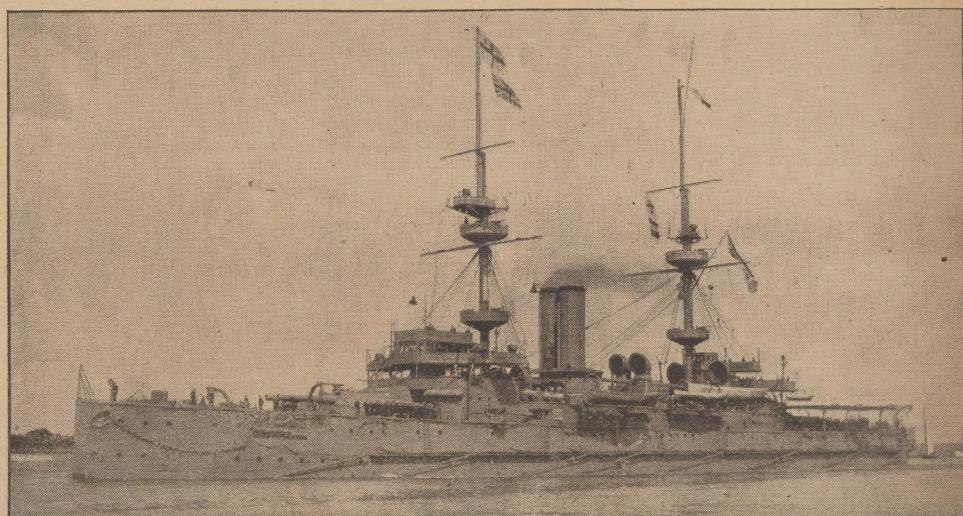
Lord Charles Beresford on the quarter-deck of his flagship, H.M.S. Caesar.—(Gale and Polden.)



Lord Charles Beresford smiling at his men at work.—(Copyright Kodak, Ltd.)



Lord Charles Beresford on the look out on his flagship.—(Copyright of Kodak, Ltd.)



H.M.S. Caesar, the flagship of Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, now at Gibraltar, with steam up, coaled, and ready.—(Cozens.)

BIRTHS.

BROWN.—On the 25th inst. at Hill View, Streatham-common, S.W., the wife of T. H. Brown, M.B., B.C. (Camps), a son, 1 lb. 12 oz., was born.

COX.—On October 26, at 31, Brookside-road, Wandsworth-common, S.W., the wife of Cyril Cox, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BRATT.—GRAY.—On October 26, at the Church of St. Clement Danes, Strand, by the Rev. E. Ball, vicar of St. Mary Gray, Walter Bratt, London, to Agnes Jane, eldest daughter of William C. Gray, Esq., of St. Mary Gray, Kent.

KOHRING.—THOMPSON.—On October 24, at St. Peter's, Victoria, by the Rev. W. L. Thompson, M.A., D.C.L., of G. Bell Doughty, Alfred William Kohring, M.A., M.C.E., of Geraldine House, Milltown, Co. Dublin, son of C. H. Keating of London, to Lillian Annie, youngest daughter of R. Thompson, of Berriew, Sunderland.

DEATHS.

HEAD.—On October 25, at her home, Friars Lodge, Wimbleton, Caroline, the beloved wife of Mr. A. Head, aged 51.

JACOSEN.—On Tuesday, October 25, at 18, Gordon-st., London, W.C., Louis Jacobson, in his 88th year.

HOT WATER INSTANTLY.

HOT BATH in 5 minutes whenever wanted. F. WART'S "LIGHTNING" GEYSER. Hot water to any size in house, without Kitchen Fire. INSTANT SCALING EXHIBIT. "R" post free. 346, EUSTON-ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

PERSONAL.

ARE you joking still? time will prove. Welcome. FRED.—Letters will be returned on application at Chelsea-3.

BE strong and brave. My love is only yours. Probation soon ended.—NELL.

LANFANE.—Hearty congratulations. Wish you the same again many times over.—OBIT.

VIE.—Thank you much for misunderstanding me wilfully. My words were not said恶意. Meet me same place and time Saturday.—C. H.

* * * The above advertisements are received up to 6 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s, 6d., and 1d. per word afterwards. Any advertisement can be brought to the office or sent with a special order, and will be published in the Personal Column eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London.

THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.20 punctually, Shakespeare, 1s. 6d.; King Lear, 1s. 6d.; T. T. TEPPEST.

MATINEE EVERY "EDEN" AV. and SATURDAY, 2.15.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.

THE BOHEMIAN. Play entitled "The Bohemian," 1s. 6d.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office, 10 to 12. Telephone 3193 Gerard.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER will APPEAR TO-NIGHT at 9, in a Romance adapted from the story of "The Garden of Eden" by Sydney Grundy. (62nd time.) THE GARDEN OF EDEN. (62nd time.) AT 8.15, THE DECREE NISI, by Joshua Bates. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES. KENNINGTON THEATRE, Tel. 1006 HOP.—TO-NIGHT at 7.45, A CHINESE BURLESQUE. Mr. Tree's Company in THE DARLING OF GODS.

CORONET THEATRE, Tel. 1273 Kens.—TO-NIGHT at 8. MATINEE SATURDAY 2.30, the success CO. in LITTLE MARY. Mr. John Hare and London Company in LITTLE MARY.

CAMDEN THEATRE, Tel. 328 K.C.—TO-NIGHT at 8. MATINEE SATURDAY 2.30, Mr. JOHN HARE appearing in LITTLE MARY.

THEATRE OF THE ROSES. Mr. George Edward's Principal Company in THE ORCHID.

George Gregory, Cora Blythe, Lawrence Grossmith, Miss Irene Verona, Sidney Vincent, Miss Gertrude Gilliam, Dorothy, Miss Ethel Grimes, Miss Katie Leechman, Sam Walsh.

OWN THEATRE, Peckham, Tel. 412 Hop.—TO-NIGHT 7.45, Miss ADA REEVE in WINNIE BOODLES. Next week, Farewell Visit of THE ELLE OF NEW YORK.

THE OXFORD.—HARRY RANDALL, GEORGE ROBBY, Nellie Wallace, Bella and Bijou, Queenie Leighton, The Boisets, Fanny Fields, HARRY LAUDER, McNaughton, Kelly and Gillette, and LIL HAWTHORN. Open every night. SATURDAY MATINEES at 8. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY, Six o'clock, PROMENADE CONCERT. Artistes: Miss Ethel Grey, Mr. REGINALD DAWSON, NATIONAL CAT SHOW. LARGE ENTRY.

MY LADY MURKIN'S FANCY THEATRE, at 7.30. Military Bands and numerous other attractions.

HENGELER'S.—THE FINEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD. Unique! Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals, including

ROYAL AFRICAN CIRCUS, April 1, 1905. Daily 3 and 8. Admission 1s. to 6s.; children half-price.

HONoured by Royal Command. Buckingham Palace.

POLYTECHNIC, REGENT STREET, W. OUR NAVY.—TO-DAY, 10.30. DAILY AT 3. WEDNESDAY, ROYAL NAVAL and MILITARY ANATOMOGRAPH ENTERTAINMENT. The Training of our Future Defenders at work and at play, etc.

The most realistic representation of a Naval Battle. The North Sea Fighting Fleet, before and after the tragedy.

PRICES: 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d. Children half-price.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—DAILY.—HEART OF ROME. Gambusini's St. Peter's, Rome, in conjunction with the Royal Opera. Illustrations of scenes of the Vatican Life, by the Biograph. Admissions: noon to 7 p.m., 1s.; 7 p.m., to 10 p.m., 2s.; Wednesday, 2s. 6d.

THE CORONATION OF HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

Painted by EDWIN ARBER, A.R.A.

Mrs. THOMAS BAKER and SONS beg to ANNOUNCE that the EXHIBITION of this Great Historical Picture will OPEN TO-DAY (FRIDAY) at 10 a.m. in BONHAMS' BID, corner of Maddox-street.

Admission, including descriptive pamphlet, ONE SHILLING.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870. 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st., Within, E.C. 1. London, 1. Assets £597,700. Liabilities £285,680. Surplus £212,110. 21 per cent allowed on current account balances. Deposits £1,200 or upwards accepted as under: Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal. 5s. per cent.

Special arrangements for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

The Terminal Deposit Bonds pay nearly 9 per cent, and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TATH. Joint Managers.

Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A. A.—BARRY'S complete outfit, 7s. 6d., carriage paid (letters only). Miss Morris, 2, St. Ann's Chambers, E.C.

A.—A.—CREDIT tailoring: suits, 3s.; overcoats, 30s.; 4 terms, 5s. monthly; pattern, "E" free; please call—Wittam Tailoring Company, 53, Old Bond-st.

A.—A.—PAIRS.—The British Agency, Ltd., of G. Bell Doughty, Alfred William Kohring, M.A., M.C.E., of Geraldine House, Milltown, Co. Dublin, son of C. H. Keating of London, to Lillian Annie, youngest daughter of R. Thompson, of Berriew, Sunderland.

A.—For 6s. 6d., 10s. 6d., or 12s. 6d., we'll make a smart pair of Winter skirt absolutely to your measure; send a sketch of your skirt pattern, and we'll send you a sample.

A.—A.—FANCY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT: 6s. articles, 21s.; worth double; Robe, Daygown, Nightgown, Flannels; ap- parel, 1s.; stockings, 1s.; 2s.; 2s. 6d.; 3s.; 3s. 6d.; 4s.; 4s. 6d.; 5s.; 5s. 6d.; 6s.; 6s. 6d.; 7s.; 7s. 6d.; 8s.; 8s. 6d.; 9s.; 9s. 6d.; 10s.; 10s. 6d.; 11s.; 11s. 6d.; 12s.; 12s. 6d.; 13s.; 13s. 6d.; 14s.; 14s. 6d.; 15s.; 15s. 6d.; 16s.; 16s. 6d.; 17s.; 17s. 6d.; 18s.; 18s. 6d.; 19s.; 19s. 6d.; 20s.; 20s. 6d.; 21s.; 21s. 6d.; 22s.; 22s. 6d.; 23s.; 23s. 6d.; 24s.; 24s. 6d.; 25s.; 25s. 6d.; 26s.; 26s. 6d.; 27s.; 27s. 6d.; 28s.; 28s. 6d.; 29s.; 29s. 6d.; 30s.; 30s. 6d.; 31s.; 31s. 6d.; 32s.; 32s. 6d.; 33s.; 33s. 6d.; 34s.; 34s. 6d.; 35s.; 35s. 6d.; 36s.; 36s. 6d.; 37s.; 37s. 6d.; 38s.; 38s. 6d.; 39s.; 39s. 6d.; 40s.; 40s. 6d.; 41s.; 41s. 6d.; 42s.; 42s. 6d.; 43s.; 43s. 6d.; 44s.; 44s. 6d.; 45s.; 45s. 6d.; 46s.; 46s. 6d.; 47s.; 47s. 6d.; 48s.; 48s. 6d.; 49s.; 49s. 6d.; 50s.; 50s. 6d.; 51s.; 51s. 6d.; 52s.; 52s. 6d.; 53s.; 53s. 6d.; 54s.; 54s. 6d.; 55s.; 55s. 6d.; 56s.; 56s. 6d.; 57s.; 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IN THE BALANCE.

Cabinet Meets To-day to Decide a Momentous Question.

ENGLAND'S FIRMNESS

Russia Pleads That Tsar Only Can Punish Guilty Officers.

POWERS NOTIFIED.

Lord Lansdowne Demands Reply Within 24 Hours.

TIME OF GRACE ENDS.

Channel Fleet Starts Ready for Action.

FURTHER OUTRAGES.

Russian Warships Shell Other Neutral Vessels.

Peace, or war?

Whatever it may be, the question is to be decided to-day.

Unless the Government of Russia signifies before noon its compliance with the just and reasonable demands made by his Majesty's Ministers, steps will be taken for their enforcement.

The demands are:—

1. A full apology for the outrage.
2. Adequate compensation for the sufferers.
3. Punishment of the guilty officers.
4. Security that nothing of the sort shall happen in future.

The Russian Government is willing to concede the first two, but hesitates about the third, on the score that such an undertaking would infringe the sovereign rights of the Tsar.

It was the nation's hope that the necessary assurances would have been received yesterday, and that an announcement would have been made to relieve a tension that is no longer bearable.

Lord Lansdowne on Wednesday, in concise and direct terms, informed all the Diplomatic Corps of Great Britain's decision, and at the same time intimated that the British Government had requested a specific reply from Russia accepting England's demands within a period of twenty-four hours.

The day closed without any statement being made.

After Count Benckendorff had presented the reply of his Government to Lord Lansdowne yesterday, and M. Clémont had tendered the good offices of his Government towards a settlement of the dispute, further telegrams were dispatched to St. Petersburg maintaining the British position, and instructions were sent to Lord Charles Beresford at Gibraltar.

CHANNEL FLEET SAILS.

The Admiralty has not been slow in moving. Last night four battleships and three cruisers of the Channel Fleet put to sea from Gibraltar, and at day-break to-day the remainder of the fleet, with decks cleared for action, will steam away.

This means that the whole of the Channel Fleet will be at sea this morning.

On its northward passage the fleet will pass the signal stations at Sagres and Cape de Roca. From these stations Lord Charles Beresford will receive further instructions.

What those instructions may be will be decided when the Cabinet meets at noon.

Soon after noon, then, a period will be put to the suspense of the British people. Whatever its nature, the decision will be welcome.

That it may be an honourable peace is the earnest prayer of every thoughtful Briton.

But should it be war, there will be no differences of opinion. The nation is as one man in its burning conviction of the indisputable justness and moderation of the Government's ultimatum.

All day yesterday Downing-street was thronged by an anxious but determined crowd. At one o'clock, when it was believed a Cabinet meeting

Light or moderate S.E. winds; fair first, fog locally; cloudy; rain towards evening; mild.) TO-DAY'S WEATHER (Lighting-up time: 5.40 p.m. Sea passages smooth to moderate generally.

would be held, the gathering was so dense that the street had to be cleared by the police.

No Cabinet meeting was held, but the Prime Minister, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Salisbury, Lord Selborne and Sir Robert Finlay held a long conference.

As a result of the conference the terms of the announcement Mr. Balfour will make at Southampton to-day were practically settled.

Twice during the day the Russian Ambassador called upon Lord Lansdowne, each visit being necessitated by the receipt of fresh communications from St. Petersburg.

Slowly the day wore away, every hour increasing the gravity of the situation and the apprehension that is shared by the whole community.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FLEETS.

The Russian fleet is still at Vigo, having obtained permission from the authorities to resume coaling operations.

Four hundred tons of coal will be put on board each vessel, and the Spanish Government earnestly hopes that they will leave to-day.

The division of the Mediterranean Squadron at Fiume has received from the Admiralty urgent orders to unite with the division anchored at Pola, and to continue its voyage eastwards.

The Home Squadron has already arrived in the Firth of Forth, and coaling operations will proceed with the greatest dispatch.

In all the dockyards unexampled activity is being displayed. At Portsmouth everything is ready for an emergency, and everyone is prepared to act immediately the order to do so is given.

At Chatham work is being carried on by day and night upon the cruisers Kent and Berwick, under orders to join the Channel Squadron to-day.

"TORPEDO" TRAWLERS.

Incredible Report Sent by Admiral Rojestvensky.

The following details of Admiral Rojestvensky's report were yesterday issued by the Foreign Office:—

Admiral Rojestvensky, in his description of the occurrence, states that there was never any intentional firing against the British trawlers, and that if a stray shot hit one of the boats it was entirely by accident.

The trawlers were early noticed by the Russian Fleet as it passed the Dogger Bank.

Amongst the fleet of fishing-boats two steamers, moving about at high speed and looking exactly like torpedo-boats, were observed by the Russian officers.

Admiral Rojestvensky concluded that these were Japanese torpedo-boats. The Russian admiral was of opinion that his squadron fired only against these two ships.

The admiral gives an emphatic denial to the statement that a Russian man-of-war was left behind for six hours, and never lowered boats to help any seamen who might have been injured.

Admiral Rojestvensky declares that his officers were in total ignorance of the fact that any of the Russian shots had struck the trawlers, and goes on to express his extreme regret and that of every man in the fleet that any of the trawlers had suffered damage, and that any of the crews had been killed or wounded.

ATTACKED BY TORPEDO-BOATS.

Later message from St. Petersburg contains the following additional details:—

Admiral Rojestvensky telegraphs that the Baltic Fleet, in the course of its voyage, met hundreds of fishing-boats, to which no harm was done, with the exception of the boats in question, among which were noticed two torpedo-boats, one of which disappeared, the other, according to the fishermen, remaining with them till morning.

In the circumstances no warships could have acted otherwise. The incident began by the two torpedo-boats attacking the leading vessel of the fleet in the darkness, and when the searchlight disclosed the presence of several steam fishing-boats, an endeavour was made to spare them, and the Russians stopped firing. The torpedo-boats then disappeared. The fishermen complain that a Russian torpedo-boat remained behind, and yet did not attempt to render assistance.

This denies the fact being that there were no torpedo-boats with the detachment.

The detachment did not attempt to offer any help as they feared a trap, the fishing-boats being without lights, although later some lights were shown.

UNNERVED ADMIRAL.

Vacillating in His Orders and Chafes at Mistakes.

VIGO, Thursday.—There is every reason to believe that the Russian Fleet now here is utterly demoralised.

Admiral Rojestvensky appears to be completely unversed. He is extremely taciturn, and seems hardly to know his own mind.

Orders given one moment are the next countermanded by him, and the smallest offence or mistake is met with the severest censure.

There is also little doubt that the Russians, aware of their unfitness to resist attack, are deliberately delaying the coaling operations.

MEREDITH'S MESSAGE.

"There Has Never Been Such Justification for an Appeal to Arms."

In response to the *Daily Mirror's* request for a message to the nation in this grave crisis, we received the following last night from Mr. George Meredith:—

Mickleham, Dorking, October 27.

Restraint and readiness.

It must be remembered that the punishment of these remorseless assassins may involve complications with our good friend, France.

But no consideration can stop our hand if the Russian Government refuse our demands.

There has never been such justification for an appeal to arms.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

LORD CURZON RETURNS.

Lord Curzon has decided to return to his duties as Vicerey.

In reply to a telegram from the *Daily Mirror*, asking for an opinion upon the North Sea outrage, Lord Curzon sent the following message, which leaves no doubt of his intentions:

"As I am about to return to post where I shall be instrument of Government's policy, I am not in position to speak."

MISSING STEAMER.

Scandinavian Merchantmen Attacked by Baltic Fleet.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.—The Swedish schooner Guayana arrived at Aalborg yesterday, and the skipper, Captain Wahlgreen, reports that about six o'clock on Friday evening the Guayana passed near two divisions of the Baltic Fleet.

Three hours later he observed a two funnelled steamer at a distance of about two English miles displaying danger signal lights and firing danger guns. The Guayana proceeded in the direction of the steamer immediately, but by the time it reached the spot where the vessel had been no signs of it were discovered.

Captain Wahlgreen is convinced that the steamer has gone to the bottom, and is of opinion that it must have been shelled by the Baltic Fleet.

Another Swedish steamer, the Aldebaran, of Helsingborg, Captain Jonsson, arrived at Gefle on Monday. The captain reports that his vessel was to-day. The captain reports that the Shaver heavily fired at by the Baltic Fleet in the Skagerrak on the night of October 21, but none of the shots took effect.

Both captains have been requested by the Swedish Government to forward full and circumstantial accounts of these occurrences to Stockholm.

Captain Drannen, master of the Norwegian steamship Skataoe, which reached London on Monday, writes in a letter home that on Sunday a Russian man-of-war fired on his steamer in the Channel, but ceased when he hoisted the Norwegian flag.

"I think we shall worry through the present difficulty,"—Lord Lansdowne.

Advertisement in "Daily Telegraph":—"Young Russian, who is very sorry for his own country's deserts situation in English firm."

Great activity prevails at Cardiff in shipping Admiralty coal for Chatham, Portsmouth, Gibraltar, and elsewhere for the British fleet.

Admiral Togo says he is quite ready to give the Baltic Squadron a warm reception, but he is of the opinion that it will never see Port Arthur waters.

The Stock Exchange was yesterday affected by the crisis. Consols fell 4*1/2*, and everything else was down in proportion, the tone of the market being very weak.

If the same officer or officers responsible for this outrage were here, and their act was intentional, they were guilty of wilful and deliberate murder.—Sir Ralph Little.

Among the Russian public much Anglophobia is apparent. The idea of a war with England has its partisans, but the Tsar and Count Lansdorff are absolutely pacific.

The Paris "Temps" says (recalling the Fashoda incident): "We ourselves know what profound emotion can be caused by occurrences of this nature. The British Government also knows it."

As Admiral Rojestvensky was leaving the residence of the Military Governor at Vigo, old man approached him and kissed his hand. The Admiral thereupon kissed the old man on the forehead. A crowd who witnessed the incident broke into loud and prolonged cheers, and the Admiral appeared to be much touched by the ovation.

WAR OFFICE MOVES.

Yeomanry Ordered To Be in Immediate Readiness.

SIGNIFICANT INQUIRY.

A telegram from the War Office, says the Press Association, has been received at the headquarters of the Essex Imperial Yeomanry at Colchester, asking for immediate information as to the strength of the regiment, which is directed to hold itself in readiness.

WATCHING THE RAIDERS.

Five British Warships Reported at Vigo.

VIGO, Thursday, 10.30 p.m.—Two Russian warships were sighted to-day eight miles outside the Isles Islands steaming southwards.

Five strange warships are reported to be lying outside Vigo Bay. They are rumoured to be British.—Reuter.

BRITISH SQUADRON LEAVES POLA.

POLA, Friday Morning.—The Mediterranean Squadron left here at midnight.—Reuter.

MESSAGE FROM THE TSAR'S MOTHER.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.—It is reported that the Dowager-Empress of Russia has sent a most sympathetically worded telegraphic message to Queen Alexandra.

GERMAN TRAWLER ATTACKED.

HAMBURG, Thursday.—A German trawler which arrived at Geestemunde from the North Sea on Sunday reports that while fishing in the neighbourhood of the Dogger Bank she was fired at for two and a half hours by the passing Baltic Fleet.

She was, however, not hit, and managed to make good her escape.

BRITAIN'S MIGHT.

What Lord Charles Beresford and His Men Could Do.

(By Our Naval Expert.)

If diplomacy fails to elicit satisfaction from the Russian Government it is the Channel Squadron that will be first called upon to exact it.

This fleet, under the command of Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, consists of eight battleships, all armoured with four guns of twelve inches calibre, each weighing fifty tons, and firing a shot of 850lb. at the rate of four in three minutes, and at a range of 3,000 yards.

The extreme range of these guns is about twelve miles. Every shot would stand a very good chance of penetrating any armour of the Baltic Fleet ships with which it might come into contact.

WHAT THE GUNS CAN DO.

Besides these there are twelve quick-firing guns of 6in. diameter of bore, each weighing five tons, and capable of spitting forth seven 100lb. shells a minute. The shot from these guns would have no effect against thick armour, but a hail of these would quickly demolish masts, funnels, upper works, and unarmoured portions of an enemy's hull.

If one of these ships blazed away with her big guns for three minutes she would eject a stream of steel weighing in all 38,800lb., and that without taking any account of Maxim's and small quick-fires. Multiply that by eight and you have the striking power of the Channel Squadron—310,400lb. in three minutes.

It is not so easy to convey an idea of the strength of the Baltic Fleet, because its seven battleships represent four different types; but the following table of the total number of guns carried by them will help towards a proper appreciation of the relative strength of the two fleets:—

BALTIC.	CHANNEL.
26 12inch.	32 12inch.
4 10inch.	—
73 6inch.	96 6inch.

It will be clearly seen that the advantage lies with the Channel. While the British ships were in 38,800lb. of shell, the Russians would be firing 25,000lb.

Owing to increasing demand for advertising space in the "Daily Mirror," we much regret that we are obliged to omit several columns from to-day's issue.

SORROW FOR BRITISH DEAD.

Burial of the Victims of
Russian Outrage.

100,000 MOURNERS.

Hull Children Send a Great Gross
of Lilies.

All Hull was in mourning yesterday, when the remains of the two poor victims of the dastardly Russian outrage were buried.

In the harbour ships of all nationalities flew their flags at half-mast; the flags in the town were all lowered; the shops put up their shutters; and the streets were thronged with people, thousands of whom came in from the surrounding country to pay the last sad honours to the dead.

All the people bore signs of mourning, many were black, and the fishermen, many of whom were heard muttering threats against the perpetrators of the outrage upon their fellow-workers, wore cape or black cloth upon their jerseys.

The children of the town had clubbed together and sent a great cross of lilies. Memorial cards were being sold by thousands in the streets, and during the morning the mayor received some verses from Harry Rees, the Yorkshire poet, of which the following lines express the predominant feeling among the people:—

Never will the people here
Forget the scene of Hull;
A crime which was committed
And, no matter how she raves,
Russia must be taught again
Britannia rules the waves.

Sympathy of the Country.

But it was not only Hull that showed its sympathy. From all parts of the country came hundreds of wreaths and letters addressed to the relatives.

The body of the man Leggott was claimed in the morning by his relatives, who came from Yarmouth, and it was removed from the mortuary to a house close by that in which the body of the skipper captain was lying.

A special correspondent at Hull says that fully 100 people put on mourning yesterday and went to do honour to the poor mutilated bodies of Skipper Smith and John Leggott, of the ill-fated trawler Crane.

Throughout the whole route taken by the sad procession there was scarcely a shop that had not shuttered its windows and laid aside money-making for the day, while in every house the blinds were drawn.

It was a quiet but grief-stricken crowd which gathered in Ribble-street, opposite the house of the unfortunate Captain Smith, and they respectfully drew apart as the two simple hearses and a line of mourning coaches drew up alongside the little, red-brick houses with their trim gardens and closely-drawn blinds.

Women Sob Audibly.

Many of the women sobbed audibly as the band of the Order of Buffaloes—of which Order the dead skipper was a member—formed up on the roadway near the house.

Suddenly Captain White, the lay chaplain of the Deep Sea Mission, appeared at the door, and beckoned to six stalwart fishermen.

"They're some of the crew of the Moulineau and Gull that brought the poor chaps home," whispered a pale-faced woman.

For a few moments all was silence and expectancy. Then the window of the homely little sitting-room was thrown open, and reverently the coffin was passed into the street.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the funeral procession started.

Slowly and reverently the coffin containing the remains of the skipper Smith, of the Crane, were borne from his house to the hearse by the stalwart fishermen, who had been his comrades. It was covered in flowers, and many more wreaths and garlands that could not be placed in the hearse were carried in a vehicle which followed.

From the house in which the dead fisherman Leggott once lodged came the other coffin, and together they passed towards the cemetery.

To the strains of the "Dead March," the slow-moving hearses, with their pitiable burdens, passed through the sorrowful crowd. With tearful eyes the women gazed at the grief-worn widow in the corner of the first carriage.

Three little boys sat with her, but the sight of

an innocent lad of four drew fresh tears to the eyes of the weeping multitude. The child gazed with evident wonder from the carriage window at the sea of faces above him, and as one woman pointed out "The little, fatherless lad!" the child saw her directed hands, and instinctively shrank into his mother's arms.

Behind the hearses, headed by the relatives of the dead men, came a long procession, which stretched for over a mile.

Mounted police led the procession, and after them came two bands, which played the "Dead March" in "Saul."

The mayor (Alderman Jarman), the town clerk, and two councillors officially represented the corporation. After them came representatives of the owners of the fishing fleet, bluejackets from H.M.S. *Hearty*, hundreds of fishermen, members of the Ancient Order of Buffaloes—of which the dead skipper was a popular member—and thousands of townfolk, the rear of the procession being brought up by members of the Salvation Army.

All the streets on the way to the cemetery were lined with an immense crowd, which in some places was fifteen feet. Many women were heard sobbing as the sad procession passed.

Indignant Fellow-workers.

Few words were spoken while the hearses were in sight; the sorrow of the people found no relief in words.

But afterwards there were fierce mutterings among the men. If the spirit of England is as the spirit of the Hull fisherman there will be weeping in Russia unless she makes speedy and ample reparation for that brutal twenty minutes' work.

The procession wound slowly through five miles of streets until it reached the cemetery at the west of the town, and everywhere there were thousands upon thousands of men in mourning to watch it pass. The sombre garb and silence of the great multitude was strangely impressive in the bright autumn sunlight.

When the cemetery was reached the whole ground was black with waiting sorrowing people. The veteran Captain White, of the Fisherman's Mission, officiated, and the immense multitude stood bare-headed to listen to the solemn words of the funeral service.

Five bands of the town were massed in a circle, and the coffin, with its flowers, was laid reverently in the centre.

"Boys," said Captain White, his rugged, storm-beaten face twisted in pain, "we'll sing 'Lead Kindly Light.'" He paused a moment, and then, in a trembling voice, recited the first verse:—

Lead Kindly Light amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark and I cannot see home.
Lead Thou me on.

Softly, as though the heart of every player was in the music, the wonderful hymn rose into the air.

Mrs. Smith stood at the edge of the crowd leaning on the arm of her fifteen-year-old son. Her head drooped forward and a passion of sobs shook her whole frame. She clung to the shoulders of her boy and moaned pitifully.

As the melody continued softly on the silver cornets a shiver of grief ran through the crowd. On every side was a weeping, sobbing woman.

As the coffins were slowly lowered to their final resting-places the bands were hushed, but upon the air rose the sounds of weeping.

Strong Men Weeping.

Upon every side strong men and heart-broken women were sobbing openly and without shame. Tears streamed down the face of the sailor-chaplain as he slowly crumbled a handful of earth over the coffins.

For a moment, the bereaved widow lifted her head from her son's shoulder and moaned some words of farewell to her lost one. The baby at her side looked up wistfully, but seeing no sign turned to his elder brother, who tried to smile through his tears at the little fellow.

Then the elder lad led him to the baby, as if quite understanding, quietly dropped a bunch of white flowers into his father's grave.

The two men were buried, as they had worked, close by each other, and then, when the last sad honours had been paid to the dead, the great multitude slowly melted away.

And as they departed they spoke together of the foul manner in which their peaceful town had been done to death. It would perhaps have been as well if those who rule the destinies of Russia could have heard the words that passed among these Englishmen.

It would have helped them to understand that this slaughter of two unarmed men is not a sin to be lightly atoned for, nor is the matter one that brooks delay.

NOTES OF SYMPATHY.

A Mr. Hornstedt attended the funeral as representative of the Russian Consul at Hull.

The expenses of the funerals were borne by the owners of the Gamecock fleet, to which the Crane belonged.

One wreath was from the town hall, and its white ribbon bore the inscription, "with the deepest sympathy of the Mayor and Corporation of Hull."

Mr. George Davey has arranged to hold a special matinée on Saturday, November 12, at the Grand Theatre, Islington, for the benefit of the victims of the outrage.

A little white dog, belonging to Skipper Smith's house, escaped and ran about the road, whining and trying to find its way out of the crowd. A burly fisherman picked it up and put it over the fence of the front garden.

SOLID SILVER SUITE.

Indian Prince Pays £15,000 for
Superb Furniture.

HIS NAME A SECRET.

The identity of the Indian Prince who has had a suite of solid silver furniture made in London is a closely-guarded secret.

The fact that the Imperial Government has set its own against ostentatious extravagance on the part of its feudatory princes is the reason why their royal customer commanded Messrs. Mappin and Webb not to divulge his name.

The value of this beautifully designed furniture is just on £15,000. The suite consists of a four-post bedstead, twelve dining-room, and easy chairs, two couches, four tables, a drawing-room cabinet, and a lady's dressing-table.

The whole is in solid silver, and the total weight is more than four tons. The bedstead alone weighs about a ton, and the chairs average 150 lbs. apiece.

The style is Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze. The head panel of the bedstead is an allegorical representation—Sleep, after Alfred Moore, R.A.—and the foot-panels are dancing nymphs by the same artist.

The making of this extraordinary furniture, which calls to mind the gorgeous dreams of the Arabian Nights, has taken nearly a year.

FIGHTING RENEWED.

Japanese Capture a Village After
All-Night Fight.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—The following telegram of to-day's date has been received here from Mukden:—

"Fighting began at ten o'clock yesterday evening, south-east of Mukden. The Japanese have advanced to the village of Jerdangan, which they are rumoured to have captured after a fight lasting till morning."—Reuter.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

Opposing Armies Only 600 Paces
Apart.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—Correspondents report that the two armies are in such close contact that in certain places their entrenchments are only 600 or 800 paces apart. This state of affairs naturally leads to the belief that the resumption of hostilities is imminent.

A curious fact concerning Lonye Tree Hill is that the solitary tree on the top of the hill is no longer there, as the Russian soldiers cut it down to provide wood for their bivouac fires.—Reuter.

CITY'S ROYAL GUESTS.

King and Queen of Portugal to Visit
the Guildhall.

It has been arranged upon the suggestion of their Majesties that the King and Queen of Portugal will visit the City on Thursday, November 17.

The Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, and Sheriffs, joined by members of the Royal Family, presumably the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, will receive the illustrious visitors.

A procession will be formed, and the company will proceed to the library, where a Court of Common Council will be held.

The Town Clerk will read the resolution of the Court for presenting the address, which will then be read by the City Recorder and handed to the King of Portugal in a gold casket. Referring to the procession will proceed to the Guildhall, where there will be a dejeuner.

POPULAR ACTRESS ENGAGED.

Miss Lily Hanbury To Be Married to a
Doctor.

The engagement of Miss Lily Hanbury, the popular actress, to Dr. Herbert Guedalla, of Hay Hill, Berkley-square, is announced.

Miss Lily Hanbury made her first appearance at the Savoy not so many years ago, considering the amount of experience she has crowded into a few years. She played with the late Wilson Barrett at the Olympic, and one of her most recent appearances was in Julius Caesar at His Majesty's Theatre, where she took the part of Calpurnia.

Miss Hanbury does not mean to abandon the stage after her marriage, which will take place next January.

Wesleyan Methodists of all political parties are uniting to honour the services of Sir George Hayter Clapp on behalf of Methodist soldiers and sailors, especially in furthering the establishment of homes at the regimental depots.

LITTLE BOY HEROES.

Show Discipline and Courage in
Burning Building.

To wake up in the middle of the night and find the house in flames tries the stoutest nerves, but the ordeal was faced with unflinching courage by the London Diocesan Police Court Mission boys. Their perfect discipline in a most trying situation spoke volumes for the training they have received at the home at Podcroft, Viesley, West Drayton, which caught fire early yesterday morning.

The thirty-two lads who lived in the home had been placed there by the police court missionaries, to whom they had been handed by the magistrates at the London and suburban police courts.

The other occupants of the house at that time were Mr. Frank Green, the master, the matron, and their three children, Elijah, King, a cook, and a nurse.

The fire was discovered by the matron's little boy, who was awake with a cold. He roused his mother, who, opening the bedroom door, found the whole place full of smoke.

Tying a wet towel round her mouth, she sounded the fire alarm, and with commendable coolness the lads were marshalled out of the burning building, and like little soldiers, stood in rows on the lawn.

It was then found that one was missing, and he slept in an attic. Three times Mr. Green tried to ascend the stairs and rescue him, but as he was driven back by the smoke and heat. Then he mounted the stack pipe, reached the roof, broke the attic window, and got the boy out.

By this time King, the cook, had clambered on to the roof, and all three safely reached the ground. The fire brigade arrived, but could save only the workshops adjoining the house.

All the winter stock of boots and clothes for the boys was consumed, and the master and other officials have lost practically the whole of their belongings.

Those boys who have homes will be sent to them; others will go to the Church Army Homes.

CELLAR MYSTERY.

Murdered Housekeeper Accused of
Stealing Money.

It was alleged yesterday that the young woman Ellen Walden, who was found murdered in a cellar at a shop at Leytonstone, had been several times threatened by William Hoffmann, one of the two barbers for whom she acted as housekeeper.

Some time ago William thought he missed thirty shillings from the till, and he immediately accused the girl of having stolen the money. In spite of her tearful protestations, William Hoffmann insisted upon deducting this amount from her wages at the rate of two shillings a week, and in that way the thirty shillings was repaid.

William, after this incident, always looked upon Miss Walden with suspicion. The climax came on Tuesday night when the elder brother, a man of violent temper, discovered, or imagined he discovered, that £19 had been abstracted from his last week's takings.

Turning to his brother he is alleged to have said, "She has robbed me again. I'll do for her this time."

DAY OF DARKNESS.

London and Suburbs Enveloped in
a Dense Fog.

October is sustaining its reputation for fogs with a disconcerting thoroughness, as far as London is concerned. Yesterday a dense, yellow, and all-enveloping damp shroud hung over City and suburbs all day long.

It was aspersing at midday to discern a dull, red orb above the gloom of the streets, indicating that in all probability ten miles away from the metropolis the sun had succeeded in temporarily dispelling the mist.

There was much delay to traffic, and at St. Neot's an accident took place on the Great Northern Railway Company's main line. A light engine dashed into two horses just unhooked from a wagon and killed them instantly. A shunter named Seymour was seriously injured.

Fog also interfered with shipping in the English Channel.

There are signs that rain may dispel the fog to-day.

DESERTED IN DISTRESS.

Formerly a stockbroker in Brisbane, Mr. Duncan Alexander McNeil, when he came to this country in 1892, became companion to Lord Derwent, and his wife, companion to Lady Derwent.

In 1900 Mr. McNeil lost his employment, left his wife, and was afterwards found living with an actress.

On the evidence of the Brisbane marriage being produced, Mr. Justice Barnes said he would grant a decree nisi.

SPINSTER'S HOARD.

Story of Murdered Woman's Secret Savings.

£1,000 HIDDEN IN HER ROOM.

Some sensational evidence was given at the resumed inquiry at Stepney yesterday into the murder of Miss Farmer. Wade and Donovan, the accused men, were in court.

Miss Baker, who lived next door to the news-paper shop, said she had known Miss Farmer for eight years. Miss Farmer would never let anybody go upstairs.

The Coroner: Do you know where she kept her money?—No, sir.

"Have you ever heard that she had £1,000 upstairs?"—I have heard it reported several times. Some said that her brother was keeping it for her; others said she had it in the house."

The boy Bowns said he told the police he saw a man go into Miss Farmer's shop, stay three minutes, and come out again, remarking, "I shall not stay any longer." That statement was not true.

The Coroner: Is it true you saw the boy Wiggins?—Yes, he said he had not seen Miss Farmer.

A Fabrication.

What did you say?—"Perhaps she has killed herself?" He said "Perhaps she has," and asked me to look after the shop while he went for a policeman. Then Mr. Green came up.

As a matter of fact did you see anyone go into the shop?—No, sir.

And what you told the police is absolutely untrue?—Yes, sir.

Mr. Spencer Avenell, landlord of the Royal Duchess beerhouse, Commercial-road, said for several Sunday nights before Miss Farmer was assaulted in May last he saw two men loitering about suspiciously near the shop. At his request a customer who knew Miss Farmer cautioned her.

On Sunday night, October 9, he again saw the two men apparently watching Miss Farmer. He now recognised them without doubt as the two men in custody.

John Le Besciente, clerk, said he cautioned Miss Farmer in May last at the request of the previous witness.

Victor Newton Farmer, nephew of the murdered woman, said he recognised the prisoner Wade as a man who had visited deceased's shop twelve or fifteen months ago. Wade asked him whether his aunt was alone.

Wade (loudly): You liar! Did Mr. Divall tell you that?

Prisoner's Movements.

Ellen Palmer, a laundress, of 83, Grosvenor-street, E., said Wade lived at her house. He asked to be called at 5.30 on the morning of the murder, and he went out just before six. She did not know how he obtained a living.

On the Saturday afternoon following the tragedy, witness went out with Wade. Wade left the house first.

The Coroner: Why did you look out of the door several times before he went?—I looked out twice.

When he left did he rush on to a tramcar and say he did so because he saw Sergeant Lee?—He did say he saw Sergeant Lee.

John Bavin, a broker's clerk, said he had been on friendly terms with Miss Farmer for three years. On the evening of the tragedy he went to the shop with the intention of seeing Miss Farmer, and was detained by two detectives.

The Coroner: I may tell you you were detained until you were sober enough to make a statement.

The inquiry was again adjourned.

OIL STORES BLAZING.

Fire broke out yesterday on the premises of the Vacuum Oil Company at Borgeside, says Reuter's Hamburg correspondent, and quickly spread. Leaping across the canal that passes through the vicinity, the flames caught the stock and workrooms of the Petrol Company, and the petroleum stores there. It is estimated that about three thousand tons of oil have been consumed, and all the fire brigades are on the scene combating the flames.

THE BALTIC FLEET.

Latest news of the North Sea Outrage, with all the cables from abroad and the doings at home, on Sunday in the

"WEEKLY DISPATCH."

One Penny.

Everywhere.

LIFT CARRIES A SECRET.

Barmmaids Write Love-letters for Their Employer's Wife.

An unsuspected danger connected with the use of lifts was yesterday revealed in the Divorce Court.

At the Coach and Horses hostelry in Wellington-street, Strand, there is a lift connecting the kitchen with the bar, used for sending up plates, etc.

One evening, so witnesses said, Mrs. Abrahams, wife of the manager, went down into the kitchen, escorted by an admirer of hers. And then noises of surreptitious love-making came up the lift.

It was also said that Mrs. Abrahams got the cook and the barmmaids to write messages making associations with the same admirer.

A further cause of disagreement between husband and wife was an alleged desire on the latter's part to ride in a trailer behind a motor-bicycle driven by another customer.

The charges are denied, and the case was adjourned.

SLATER CASE'S SLOW PROGRESS.

Mr. Gill's Disgression on the Subject of Solicitors.

The "Slater" trial at the Old Bailey promises to extend over many days.

The greater part of yesterday's hearing was occupied by the reading of evidence given by certain of the six defendants in the action in the Divorce Court when the King's Proctor intervened to prevent the decree nisi in the Pollard case being made absolute.

Prior to this, however, certain witnesses were called. Cross-examined by Mr. Gill, K.C., one of the counsel briefed for the defence, Marie Travers, a witness from Jersey, spoke of the French solicitor to whom she had made her declaration concerning Pollard, as an eminent advocate.

Mr. Gill: And was he also a respectable solicitor? Eminent and respectable don't always go together.

The woman, through an interpreter, replied in the affirmative.

Mr. Justice Darling: You might now ask her, Mr. Gill, what she knows of him.

Mr. Gill: It is not necessary for a witness to know anyone to speak to his general reputation. I am prepared to give a good many people bad characters or good characters whom I don't know personally.

Counsel for the Crown were still engaged in reading evidence when the Court rose for the day. During the afternoon Lord Claud Hamilton was present in court.

BLIND MAN'S MOTOR LICENCE.

L.C.C.'s Anomalous Methods of Granting Licences.

The case with which incompetent motor-car drivers can get L.C.C. licences was severely commented upon yesterday by Mr. Sheil, the Westminster magistrate.

Alexander Maillard, who was accompanied by Nicolas Medador, of the Motor-car Association, was learning to drive a motor-car when he collided with a horse and cab, knocking them both over.

Maillard was summoned for driving without a licence, and with being in an unregistered car, and Medador was summoned for aiding and abetting him.

Mr. Brittain, of the L.C.C., said no test was imposed on men applying for drivers' licences.

Mr. Sheil: It is disgraceful. Surely you can refuse a licence.

No, sir; so long as the form is filled up.

The clerk pointed out that a blind man lately obtained a licence just to see whether it was possible.

Mr. Brittain said the L.C.C. would perhaps make representations to the Local Government Board to have the form of application amended.

Defendants were fined £10 5s. and £10 9s. respectively.

"RECKLESS" LIVING.

Describing the debtor's conduct as reckless, Mr. Registrar Giffard yesterday suspended for four years the discharge from bankruptcy of Walter Camp Hudson, a wine and spirit merchant, residing at Belsize-park-gardens, N.W.

The debtor's expenditure was stated to have been about £1,000 a year, while his income was not more than £600 per annum.

POSSIBLE HOUSE OF COMMONS WORK.

A woman who appeared on a judgment summons at the Southwark County Court yesterday said her husband was in the House of Commons.

Judge Addison: Then he ought to pay above all people.

The Wife: But he is only employed on full wages during the session.

Judge Addison: Well, a session may start tomorrow.

LADY DETECTIVE'S ERROR.

Theological Student Wrongfully Suspected of Theft.

A theological student and a lady detective took the principal parts in an interesting little Army and Navy Stores drama that, in the guise of an action for false imprisonment, came before Mr. Justice Grantham and a special jury yesterday.

Mr. C. Stewart is a young gentleman about to go into residence as an undergraduate of the University of Durham, with a view to taking holy orders in due course.

Miss Nelly Payne is a young woman employed by the Army and Navy Stores to keep a sharp eye on customers who put articles in their pockets and wish to leave the premises without paying for their acquisitions.

Some little while ago Mr. Stewart found himself in need of the "Christian's Manual" to further his theological studies, so he went to the Army and Navy Stores and picked it up. He looked vainly round for someone to wrap it up for him and give him his bill. After wasting half an hour, he told the Court yesterday, he put down the "Manual," and, in despair, left the Stores.

Lady's Watchful Eye.

The lady detective had been watching him nearly all the time. Her impression of his visit, as given in the witness-box, was that "he walked round and round for half an hour with the 'Manual' under his arm and a string bag in his hand, and he smiled aimlessly as he pushed his way among the other customers."

Accordingly, when she lost sight of him, she hurried to the entrance, just in time to cause a male detective to bring the student back from Victoria-street.

Mr. Stewart was taken to a back room, where dishonest visitors to the Stores are interviewed. Here he soon made it plain that a "regrettable mistake" had been made.

If an apology had been offered, he explained to the Court, in all probability his father, who is a solicitor, would not have begun an action.

Finally the jury awarded the student £60, the defence having admitted that he had put the book down before he left the Stores.

"INTERFERING" WITH A THIEF.

Prisoner's Singular Cross-Examination of an Amateur Policeman.

The clerk, named William Smith, who smashed with a brick a window of Messrs. Benson's shop on Ludgate-hill and attempted to make off with a diamond and a pearl necklace, was committed for trial by the Lord Mayor yesterday.

John Homer, a publisher's assistant at the "Times" office, told how he gave chase and captured Smith.

"What right had you to pursue me in the manner you did?" the prisoner asked him. Homer replied that it was the most natural thing to do.

"Yes," retorted Smith, "interfering with other people's business."

The prisoner admitted his guilt, but said the responsibility did not rest with him, but the Government.

YOUNG LOVERS' ROMANCE.

Mother Intervenes To Forbid Her Daughter's Banns.

Rather than give up her youthful lover, Miss Charman, of Harcourt-road, Queen's Park, left home and joined a theatrical company.

Yesterday Mrs. Charman, who stopped the marriage of her daughter, was summoned at Marylebone for assaulting Mrs. Harding, the mother of her daughter's lover.

Hearing that her daughter, who was under age, had been married, Mrs. Charman called on Mrs. Harding and demanded to see the "marriage bonds" and failing to obtain them broke an umbrella over the lady's head.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Charman had successfully raised an objection to the marriage—the bonds had been published—and her daughter had fled to Cambridge and had joined a theatrical company.

Mrs. Charman was fined 20s., with 2s. costs, or fourteen days' hard labour.

HORSE JUMPS TO SAVE A CHILD.

Returning from school to her home in Hoxton a little girl of five, named Emma Harvey, fell in front of a contractor's van as she was running across the street.

The horse jumped aside and avoided the child, but the wheels went over her body, and she was killed. At the inquest yesterday the driver of the van was exonerated from blame.

PROFITABLE BEACH PHOTOGRAPHY.

A defendant in Scarborough Police Court yesterday stated that his business as photographer on the sands brought him in during the season from £3 to £10 a week.

WHISTLING HUSBAND.

"Honeysuckle and the Bee" Causes Strife.

WIFE OBTAINS A DIVORCE.

Conducting his own defence, yesterday, in resisting the divorce petition brought by his wife, Mr. Reginald George Peter Wymer subjected her to a vigorous and, at times, amusing cross-examination.

Mrs. Wymer asked Mr. Justice Barnes to grant her a decree on the ground that her husband had been guilty of cruelty and misconduct. The position of the husband, who was said to have resided in Half Moon-street, Piccadilly, was not stated.

Mr. and Mrs. Wymer were married at St. George's, Hanover-square, in October, 1901. Having briefly outlined the circumstances which had culminated in the petition, including charges of cruelty of a very painful character, Mr. Bargrave Deane called upon Mrs. Wymer to bear out these statements in the witness-box.

Answering a question by her husband as to a dispute which had arisen between them, she said that he had whistled the "Honeysuckle and the Bee" eight times running.

Turned Out of the House.

"You were very angry," she added, "because I stopped you. You turned me out of the house and bruised my arms."

Mrs. Jean Anketell, Mrs. Wymer's mother, spoke of the "deplorable condition" of her son-in-law's finances. "I know," she said, "you borrowed £600 from the Duke of Westminster. You owed money to everybody, even to the poor carter who brought up your things."

Mr. Wymer, in the witness-box, emphatically denied that he had been cruel to his wife.

Mr. Deane: You are a man of the world, and have been in the Army. Do you mean to deny these charges?—Yes.

TO Live in a Wood.

Mrs. Wymer was recalled by her husband.

"Did you not say," he asked, "I wish we were animals so that we could live in a wood?"

"I never did," Mrs. Wymer said.

His Lordship held the case proved, and granted a decree nisi with costs and the custody of the one child of the marriage.

CANAL FOR SALE.

No Buyer for Thirty-seven Miles of an English Waterway.

A canal thirty-seven miles long, offering a direct line of waterway between Basingstoke and the Thames at Weybridge, was offered for sale at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, yesterday, but there was not a single bidder.

Originally constructed in 1794, at a cost of £165,000, as a possible valuable waterway from London to Southampton in time of war, it paid well. So recently as 1899 its net revenue was £5,000. But it has fallen on evil days, and the "sale" was the sequel to an action in Chancery.

Never before has a canal been offered at public auction in England, and the sale room was crowded. Many questions about the property were put to the auctioneer, but all his eloquence could not extract a single bid.

FALL FROM A RACING OMNIBUS.

Miss Emilie Rahmed, a teacher of music and singing, was awarded £450 damages against the London Road Car Co. by a common jury in Justice Bucknill's Court yesterday.

The plaintiff alleged that injuries which she received while alighting from one of the company's vehicles were due to the fact that the omnibus was racing with a rival. While the omnibus was slowing down the conductor jumped off and invited her to alight. She stepped on to the road, but was thrown down and dragged for some distance, the conductor falling over her.

Keep the Blood Pure

And the Health of the System will follow.

THE BLOOD being the source from which our life is derived, it is important that it should be kept pure. If you suffer from any Skin or Blood Disease, such as ECZEMA, SCROFULA, SICURVIA, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, IMPLEAS, etc., etc., you should test the value of

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

The World-Famed Blood Purifier.
Of all Chemists. Beware of Imitations.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS BY MAIL AND WIRE.

Mr. Arnold-Forster is to contest Croydon at the general election.

In inviting tenders for light railway work the Middlesex County Council stipulate for nothing but English steel and work.

Charities will benefit to the extent of £9,000 under the will of Mr. Richard Calvert, J.P., of Walton-le-Dale, near Preston.

Mr. William Thomson, superintendent of the S.E. and C. Railway, has been elected chairman of the Railway Clearing House Conference in 1905.

ST. ANDREWS RECTORSHIP.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Sir Henry Craik were nominated yesterday for the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews University.

The poll takes place on November 4.

LIVERPOOL'S RECORDER.

It was announced last night that the Recorder of Liverpool, vacant by the death of Mr. Charles Hopwood, has been given to Mr. William Pickford, K.C., at present Recorder of Oldham.

Mr. Allan Gibson, K.C., is appointed to take the place of Mr. Pickford at Oldham.

CITY OFFICIAL DEAD.

Mr. Thomas Vaughan Roderick, secondary of London and high-bailiff of Southwark, died yesterday at his residence in Kensington.

For nearly fifty years he has been in the service of the Corporation, and for the past twenty-one years he has acted as secondary and permanent under-sheriff.

FIELD-MARSHAL'S FUNERAL.

Full military honours as a Field-Marshal will be accorded the funeral of the late Sir Henry Norman to-morrow.

The military escort from Chelsea Hospital will comprise eight squadrons of cavalry, seventeen guns, and six battalions of footguards.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S MEETING.

Mr. Chamberlain has declined to attend a dinner previous to his address at the Edinburgh Castle, Linchouse, on December 15.

He has, however, expressed his willingness to address any overflow meeting that may be necessary.

PRISON-VAN OVERTURNED.

In the dense fog yesterday morning a prison-van proceeding to Wandsworth to fetch prisoners collided with an electric tramcar in the Kennington Park-road, and was overturned.

The driver was cut about the head and face, but, preferring to be treated by the prison doctor to going to hospital, resumed his journey.

NATIONAL EUGENICS.

London University Senate has accepted an offer from Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., to endow a fellowship for the study of "National Eugenics."

This is described as "the agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either physically or mentally."

QUALIFIED VEGETARIANISM.

Vegetarianism at Manchester is rapidly travelling towards that point where roast beef is an allowable item of diet.

At the first meeting of the winter session of the Manchester Physical Health Culture Society a speaker, in the course of an impassioned speech advocating vegetarianism, made an important qualification in favour of turkey, lamb, and fish.

BUCKS WAR MEMORIAL.

Lord Rothschild, the Lord-Lieutenant of Bucks, will unveil the Bucks War Memorial at Coombe Hill, Wendover, on Friday, November 4, at 1.30 p.m. A guard of honour from the 1st Bucks R.V. will be in attendance.

The memorial has been erected on one of the highest points of the Chiltern Hills, situated about one mile and a half from Little Kimble Station, on the Great Western Railway, and Wendover Station, on the Metropolitan Railway.

VERY PECULIAR PEOPLE.

It is the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the Peculiar People to avow a disbelief of the value of drugs in human ailments and to rely for cure in illness in faith and prayer.

They are not, however, averse to reap direct or indirect pecuniary advantage from a display of the virtues of a patent medicine. Affixed to the house, No. 2, Kennington Park-road—next to Newington Butts—at which this sect meets twice every Sunday, is a huge advertisement of a well-known "cure-all," pink.

FRAUDS IN FURS.

To put a stop to misleading names being attached to furs the London Chamber of Commerce has published a list of the most common fraudulent trade descriptions.

From this we learn that rabbit-skins, when skinned, are frequently masquerade as seal-skin, sable, ermine, and chinchilla. Sable skins are also contributed by the ordinary hare, while the white variety is sold as fox.

Bear rugs are frequently made of goat skins, and the so-called "natural" furs are quite commonly obtained from ordinary domestic animals.

At Chester Dairy Show the prize-medal cheese realised £6 per hundredweight.

At the close of the official Volunteer year next week it will be found there are 2,500 commissions vacant.

Messrs. J. and P. Coats, controlling the British and American thread trade, announce a profit for last year of £2,553,000.

All ranks of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers, before leaving Aldershot next month for India, are to be vaccinated against typhoid fever.

To-day is the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of the Royal Exchange, which ceremony was performed by her Majesty the late Queen Victoria on October 28, 1844.

The King has expressed his desire that the western end of the south aisle of the Garrison Church at Aldershot shall be set aside for memorials to the 10th Hussars.

HOME OF RECOVERY.

The Princess Louise has given her patronage to the Home of Recovery which a number of invalid ladies are raising funds to build.

It is found there are a number of patients who are constantly being discharged from London hospitals to make room for more urgent cases.

Many of these are too ill to be received by the ordinary convalescent homes, as they still require medical care and attention. About £5,000 is required to build and equip the home, and a further sum of £30,000 for endowment. Subscriptions are urgently required, and may be sent to the treasurer, Mr. R. Biddulph Martin, M.P., at Martin's Bank, Lombard-street.

PRETTY POLLY OPENS THE DOOR.

In his speech at a meeting held at Manchester to protest against gambling, Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., gave his experiences of the attitude of the working man on the subject.

Suppose anyone from this audience, he said, went out and called on a working man to have some talk about the municipal elections and better houses, the chances are that he would have the door shut in his face.

But if you were to call out as the door was closing, "Don't you think Pretty Polly about the fastest thing that ever looked through a bride?" the door would open again and he would say, "Do you know anything? Do you do 'em?"

THEATRE MANAGERS' PREDICAMENT.

Liverpool theatre proprietors have been accorded the sympathy of the city council in their curious predicament.

The health committee and the building committee both claim the right to inspect and make regulations for theatres, with the result that proprietors have been served with diametrically opposite instructions.

In their dilemma they have turned to the council, who have as yet only sympathy to offer. One councillor described the theatres' position as being "between the devil and the deep sea."

SCENE PAINTING EXHIBITION.

The Scenic Artists' Association, recently formed under the presidency of Mr. H. H. H. Craven and the vice-presidency of Mr. Joseph Harker, have under consideration a proposal for holding next month the first annual exhibition of the works of scene painters, past and present.

Theatrical managers and others who are willing to lend models, sketches of scenes, portraits of scene painters, and articles of historical interest in connection with scene painting are invited to communicate with the secretary of the association, Mr. H. Lawrence Harris, at 5, Robert-street, Adelphi terrace, W.C.

BRITISH QUEEN PEAR.

The British Queen pear, which ripens in October, is now on sale.

It is of interest to note that this popular variety was named after Queen Victoria; it was raised in her Majesty's own garden at Frogmore in the year King Edward was born.

Lord Brassey has become a patron of the Church Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals.

The Thames barrage scheme provides for a depth of 65ft. of water at Gravesend, and 35ft. at London Bridge.

The Police Court Mission Boys' Home at Vicksburg, West Drayton, was yesterday destroyed by fire. The forty inmates were got out safely.

Seven hundred cadets from Cheltenham, Malvern, and Marlborough Colleges took part in a field day yesterday on the Cleve Hills, Cheltenham.

LINCOLN'S INN.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has intimated his intention of being present at the Grand Day dinner of Michaelmas Term at Lincoln's Inn, which has been fixed for Thursday, November 17, next.

MOTOR STAGHOUND VAN.

Sir John Amory's staghounds are now taken to the meet in a steam motor-van.

At the meet at Chawleigh, Devonshire, the journey from Tiverton, seventeen miles, was covered within an hour.

OBJECTING TO DISINFECTANTS.

Even the smell of a disinfectant is obnoxious to some tramps, and so strongly do they resent their clothes being fumigated that when they get them back they tear them up.

For doing this George Jackson has been sentenced at Oldham to fourteen days' hard labour.

HOUSE OF LORDS' APPEALS.

The judicial business of the House of Lords (sittings during the prorogation) will be resumed on Tuesday, November 8.

The present list contains forty cases, of which twenty-eight are English, one is Irish, and eleven are Scottish appeals.

SURGEONS AS WITNESSES.

Judge Lumley Smith, K.C., yesterday said at the City of London Court that many great surgeons refused to advise where they were told that litigation was pending.

They objected to waiting about in court, often for a whole day, which was sometimes incidental to the trial of an action.

SPARKHILL BIRCHING SCANDAL.

Although the Worcestershire Joint Committee has adjourned the consideration of the report of the committee of inquiry on the Sparkhill birching scandal for three months, the matter will not be allowed to rest.

The father of the boy Taylor has decided, it is stated, to immediately institute proceedings against Superintendent Pitt.

WATER FOR MOTOR LORRIES.

Legally the numerous steam trolleys used for heavy cartage are almost prohibited from obtaining water. By the terms of his contract with the water companies no private householder or publican can sell water or allow a supply to be taken off the premises.

The Metropolitan Water Board propose to get over the difficulty by issuing 10s. licences for persons who obtain their supply by meter to supply motor vehicles, either free or at a charge, as they think fit.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL.

The Mayor of Dover yesterday received an intimation that the building of the new Duke of York's School at Dover will be commenced in February next.

The school buildings will cover about sixty acres of land, and the recreation grounds another ninety acres. The amount to be expended on the school will exceed £200,000.

The Dover Corporation have been urging the authorities to commence the work in order to alleviate distress amongst the unemployed.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Late Messages from Home and Foreign Correspondents.

FRENCH ARSENIC TRIAL.

An extraordinary case of alleged husband-poisoning is being tried (wires our Paris correspondent) at the Assize Court of Auch.

The accused is Mme. Galtié, who is only twenty-five years of age. She is pretty, and seems quite insensible of the enormity of the crimes with which she is charged.

She is alleged to have poisoned with arsenic:

Her husband,

Her grandmother.

Her brother.

She admits having purchased arsenic, but says she only intended to kill rats with the poison. The prosecution contends that the object of the crime was to gain insurance money.

MISS CECILIA LOFTUS ENGAGED.

The engagement of Miss Cecilia Loftus to an actor named Mr. William Courtney is announced by a Laffan telegram from New York. The marriage, it is said, will take place at Easter.

STRUCK BY AN IRON GRAB.

Yesterday a man named Benjamin Lord, forty-three, engaged at the Fulham Borough Council Electric Lighting Wharf, Townmead-road, W., was struck on the head by an iron grab attached to a steam crane.

The man died almost immediately from a fractured skull.

Traffic on the S.E. and C. Railway was seriously interrupted yesterday by the derailing of a goods engine near Hither Green-junction.

Although a breakdown gang was quickly on the spot it was nearly four hours before traffic could be resumed.

In the meantime persons travelling to the City were put to great inconvenience.

INDIAN MAHARAJA'S STATUE.

The life-sized equestrian statue of Maharaja Sir Shun Shere Jung Rana Bahadur, one-time Prime Minister of Nepal, has just been completed by Mr. Roscoe Mullins, the well-known sculptor, of Finchley.

The model was last night dispatched to the Hollingshead and Burton Foundry at Thames Ditton, where it will be cast in bronze.

MISSING MAN FOUND.

It was reported last night that tidings of Mr. C. E. Sheppard, the missing Exeter College undergraduate, had been received from Ireland. He is quite safe, letters having been received from him from a town in co. Louth. But no reason is as yet given for his disappearance.

Mr. Sheppard left Oxford a week last Tuesday, having only just arrived from Wellington College. Later a boat which he had hired was found floating bottom upward near Abingdon Lock.

CYCLIST AND HORSE HURT.

Harry Wright, Market Drayton, manager for Marsden, Thompson, and Son, Burton brewers, met with a serious motor-cycle accident at Whitchurch last evening.

While endeavouring to pass between two vehicles in a narrow street the machine skidded, and Mr. Wright fell under a horse's feet, and the wheel of the vehicle went over his head.

He was also kicked severely by the horse, which afterwards fell, breaking both its knees.

HIS "THEATRICAL BIRTHPLACE."

After an absence of forty-eight years, Sir Henry Irving last evening made his reappearance at the Sunderland theatre—the Avenue, which has replaced the old Lyceum—where the great actor made his débüt in 1856.

It was a night of great rejoicing in the Wearside town, and Sir Henry received a tremendous ovation from the crowded house.

At the close of the performance "Auld Lang Syne" was sung by the audience many times over.

SIR W. GRANTHAM'S CHALLENGE.

Sir William Grantham yesterday addressed a strong letter to the Chayle Royal Council, which twice refused to accept his plans of a cottage he proposes to erect on his estate at Barcombe.

He says the conduct of the council is inexplicable and intolerable that he must break off negotiations with them and defy them to do their worst.

He intends to go on with the cottage, and asks the council to name the day they will bring the case before the magistrates.

The Difference Between "A" and "The."

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"DAILY MIRROR" MINIATURE

Which is sold at this absurd price to advertise this Paper.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1904.

THE ONLY WAY.

THERE HAS NEVER BEEN SUCH JUSTIFICATION FOR AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

—George Meredith.

THESE are the words chosen by the greatest and most famous English man of letters, in the message he sent the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, to sum up the conviction that is in the mind of every Briton this morning.

War, we are most of us agreed, is deplorable. It should be kept as a last resort. But there is no man worthy to be called a Briton—we can even say no man who is in his senses and is called a Briton—who does not know that peace and self-respect must sometimes part company.

There is always a point at which a nation must either stand up and assert itself or be written down degenerate and of no account by all the other nations of the world. That point we have beyond all question reached to-day.

There are some of us who think we reached it days ago. If Palmerston had been Foreign Minister last Sunday, Russia would have been lucky if she had had twenty-four hours given her to accept Britain's demands. Probably our Channel Squadron would have been rounding up the Baltic Fleet before it had got out of the Channel.

However, the patience shown by Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne has one advantage. It takes away all possible chance of Russia complaining that we were peremptory in our words or over-hasty in our acts. We have already given her far more time than she was entitled to expect. If she does not fully satisfy our reasonable requests now, the consequences will be entirely upon her own head.

There has never in the world's history been a clearer case of a country being forced to declare that it must defend its honour and its people's lives by force of arms.

THOUGHTS FOR TO-DAY.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage.
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pierce through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height !

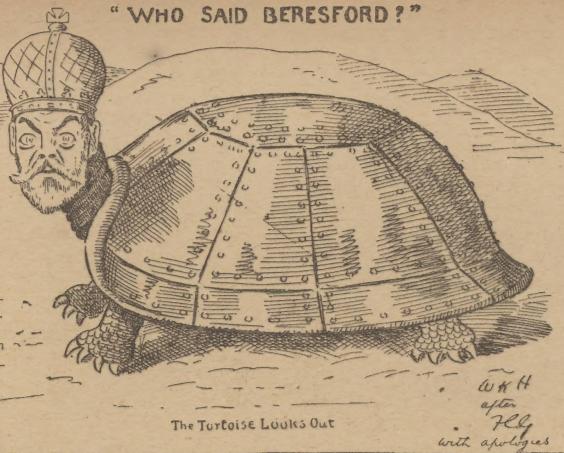
On, on, you noblest English !
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And shane'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.

And you, good seamen, *
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt
not;
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.

The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
Cry "God for Edward," England, and Saint
George!"

—Shakespeare, "King Henry V."

* Shakespeare adapted.



THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ADMIRAL SIR A. K. WILSON, who commands the Home Fleet, bears the coveted V.C., and he won it for a piece of bravery which will long be famous. It was at the battle of El Teb, in the Sudan, and Admiral Wilson, then simply Captain Wilson, was present with the Naval Brigade. A gap had been made in the British square, and at once a number of the enemy, seeing their opportunity, rushed for it. It looked a very ugly moment for the square, but Captain Wilson dashed into the gap and tackled them, armed only with a sword.

The sword broke on one of them, however, and he was left defenceless. Throwing the useless hilt aside, he dashed at the enemy with his fists, and had scored several before, amazed at his pluck, they gave way. As the square closed up Captain Wilson was rescued, but with many wounds. General Butler described his action as one of the most courageous he had ever seen.

His performance in the naval manoeuvres three years ago shows the sort of commander he is. He had taken a great deal of trouble to learn the details of the wireless telegraph instruments, and directly his fleet got in touch with the "enemy" he ordered his men to stop signalling, but to be constantly on the alert for signals from the opposing fleet. He had also studied the unravelling of cipher messages, so that he was easily able to translate and act upon the orders he intercepted.

Admiral Rojstvensky is known among his men by the nickname "Admiral Molchaliy," the Silent Admiral. He certainly does not seem to have departed to any great extent from his habit during the present crisis. On matters of naval warfare he is a firm believer in big ships. To him a sea battle is merely a fight between battleships. Even armoured cruisers are not of much account in his eyes. "A fleet gains in mobility by not being hampered with small craft," is one of his dicta,

WHAT WE HAVE PUT UP WITH.

The cowardly attack upon unarmed fishing-boats was not by any means an isolated act of hostility against Britain on the part of the Russian Navy.

From the time the war began, until British indignation was brought to a head in July by the sinking of the Knight Commander, our shipping was constantly interfered with.

Here is a list of the interferences, most of them unwarranted, and, if there is such a thing as law between nations, illegal:—

Feb. 13.—British steamer Foxton Hall seized.
Feb. 14.—British steamer Pu-fung fired on.
Feb. 15.—British steamer Hsi-ping fired on and seized.
Feb. 20.—P. and O. liner Mongolia chased.
Feb. 22.—British steamer Rosalie seized.

Feb. 22.—British steamer Monbasa fired on and stopped.

Feb. 26.—British steamer Etrickedale stopped and turned back.

Feb. 28.—British steamer Benalder stopped.

Feb. 27.—British steamer Oriel seized.

May 3.—P. and O. liner Osiris stopped and searched.

June 19.—British steamer Allanton seized.

July 6.—British steamer Cheltenham seized.

July 13.—P. and O. liner Malacca seized.

July 15.—British steamer Dragoman stopped.

July 16.—British steamer Persia stopped and mails seized.

July 21.—British steamer Ardova seized.

July 24.—British steamer Knight Commander sunk.

July 26.—P. and O. liner Formosa seized.

After the end of July these high-handed proceedings ceased for a time. Now we mean them to cease for all time.

and the Japanese successes at Port Arthur are ascribed by him, not to the torpedo-boats, but to battleships behind them.

Neatness of person is another strongly-marked peculiarity of his, and he looks upon it as almost as important as gunnery or seamanship. Personally, he does not look very well in naval uniform, but he is always dressed with the greatest care. Even when grubbing about in grimy stokeholes or among stores of provisions, in quest of something wrong, he wears the most elaborate get-up. Ceremonial too, he is very fond of and is supposed to be responsible for the paraphrase "Manners make seamen."

Admiral Sir Compton Domville, as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, is one of the most important men in the present crisis. Sixty years ago he was born in Ireland, of thoroughly Irish blood, his father rejoicing in the typical name of Harry Barry Domville. He joined the Navy at the age of fourteen, and at twenty was serving on the royal yacht.

Since then he has seen service in every corner of the globe. The Mediterranean is particularly well known to him, and he was Second-in-Command there ten years ago. Funny enough, he won his promotion to commander by his dealings with certain pirates who, when he had done with them, ceased to be a trouble to the rest of humanity.

Admiral Sir W. H. Fawkes, who commands the cruiser squadron, is one of our youngest Admirals and an exceedingly popular officer. He is a good-tempered man, and puts up with the chaff about his name with the best of nature, though he must be rather tired of it by this time. His last step came as a New Year's gift on January 1, 1901—he first hoisted his flag on November 5. Either he meant to go one better than the humourists, or the First Lord worked off a decided pantomime joke on his favourite private secretary.

THE HUMOUR OF THE CRISIS.

The Catch of the Season. Off the Dogger Bank the Baltic Fleet is reported to have caught a Tartar. "Globe."

An intercepted telegram: In case of dislodgement, shall I bring it home or leave it here at the bottom? Beresford. "Evening News."

The defence of the ocean highways from foot-pads, undesirable vagrants, and mad dogs is an international matter. "Daily Telegraph."

A Chicago doctor states that in a certain number of years the world will be peopled by lunatics. Russia evidently intends to give other nations a lead. "Globe."

Ware Whale!—It was Bismarck who said an elephant and a whale could not fight. Evidently he overlooked the possibility of the elephant putting out to sea. "Pall Mall Gazette."

"What a pity Parliament is not sitting," said a Tory in the Carlton. "Balfour might have gone to the country this week, and with a prospect of friction with Russia we should have swept the board."

When Rojstvensky came ashore at Vigo he was received by a guard of honour with a band. We understand that "Charlie B." is ready with a guard of honour, and has also made arrangements for the gallant Admiral to face the music. "Evening News."

The Russian outrage in the North Sea came upon London as a thunderbolt. Several of the newspapers were evidently taken so much by surprise that they had to omit the name of the Russian Admiral—Rojstvensky. Probably they had not enough type to go round. "London Opinion."

MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Charles Beresford, Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Squadron.

IT was at Alexandria that Lord Charles Beresford first came into notice as a daring and skilful officer, and it was on that occasion that he made a remark which sums up his character. "The thing is to get there" was what he said. He was in command of the little Condor, which so bravely sailed in under the Egyptian forts and gave the batteries such a dose of British shell, sailing out again to be received with the famous signal, "Well done, Condor." He had announced his intention of tackling Marabout, the second strongest of the Egyptian forts, and his second in command had declared thefeat to be impossible.

There was no use pointing out to him that one shell from the Egyptian guns would blow the tiny Condor to atoms. "The apparently impossible," said Lord Charles, "is always the easiest. Any way, nothing can be done unless we try. If I can get on the angle of the fort I believe we can hit their guns without hitting us. The thing is to get there." He got there then, and he has "got there" several times since.

And he is always ready to "get there." The story has been told several times of how he rescued a drowning sailor, but it is very characteristic of him, and the ending is unusual. It was off the Falkland Islands, one icy-cold and pitch-dark winter night. A seaman fell from the bows of the vessel, and as he drifted past Lord Charles caught hold of the end of a rope and dived overboard. He went down and down "until I began to think the other end of the rope was not fastened to anything," as he said himself, but eventually got hold of his man and saved his life.

ONLY WANTED TO SHAKE HANDS.

The end of the story did not come for fifteen years. Lord Charles was speaking at a political meeting and suddenly there was a row at the back of the hall. Always anxious to see fair play, Lord Charles called on his audience not to throw the man out, and himself invited his interrupter to come up on the platform and say what he had to, as there were two sides to every question. When the man reached the platform he had no political question to discuss, but merely wanted to shake hands with the man who had saved his life fifteen years before.

But the reason why Lord Charles was taking part in a political campaign, is one of the most striking examples of his habit of "getting there." In his official position he had fought his level best to secure the efficiency of the Navy, but there was no moving the stick-in-the-muds who were at the top of the tree. As he could not fight his way through the red-tape which surrounded him, he deliberately resigned his position so that he might say what he felt with freedom.

As a free man he took the country into his confidence, worked and worked for his beloved Navy until he got the Naval Defence Act passed, and then resigned his seat in Parliament to go back to sea and carry on his work there. It was a bold move to play, but he "got there" as usual.

Though he is now almost sixty, no one would believe that it is so many years since he became the second son of the fourth Marquis of Waterford. Still the fact remains. To all intents and purposes he is forty-five, for that is the age he feels, and he looks very little older. Very often he feels no older than he did when as an exceedingly delicate boy he was sent to join the Navy, and the hopes the sea might be good for him. It clearly was, for to-day he is one of the healthiest and heartiest men alive.

WILD PRANKS AS A "MIDDY."

And the sea air took effect quickly, too. Though he spent rather an unusual amount of time in studying his profession, he had plenty of time left for skating, and his accomplishments as a "middy" are nothing less than a tradition in the junior gun-rooms of the Navy. One little episode was when the Stars and Stripes were hauled down from the house of an American Consul. There was more or less serious trouble about it, and the Navy was in an ace of losing him altogether.

If a barber awoke in the morning to find that his striped pole had disappeared, or that something had been substituted while his own was firmly affixed to the front of the town hall, he at once thought of that "scallywag" midshipman, "Charlie Beresford." Later, as aide-de-camp to the Port Admiral at Portsmouth, it was a constant source of amusement to officials and civilians alike, to see the intense gravity upon his face as he dined demurely under the eye of his chief, when only an hour or so before he had been dashing through the town with a woolly neatly handling the ribbons of a four-in-hand.

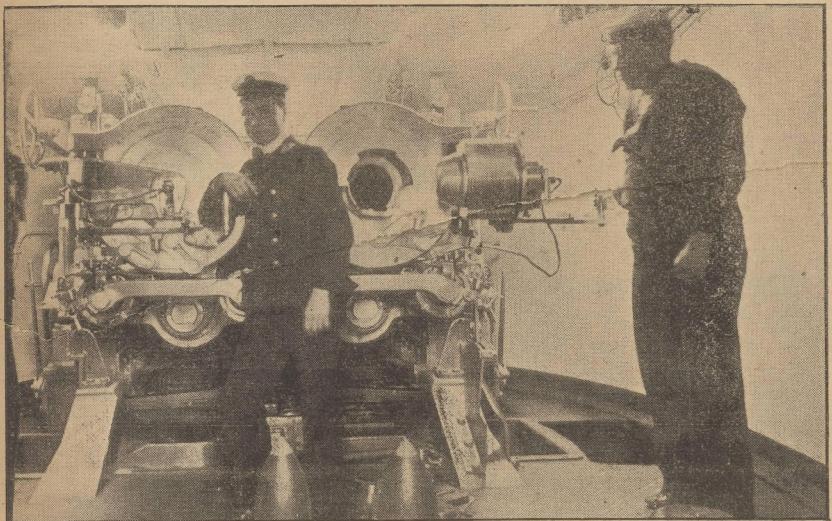
The chief thing he learned during those early days was that text-books and rules are very good things in their way, but that the man who depends upon them entirely is useless. A man has got to think for himself and act for himself. Once Lord Charles has made up his mind—and he makes it up very quickly—what he wants to do, he does it. If he looks at the text-books, it is not till afterwards. That is why he is such a good man for a moment like the present. He "gets there" first, and talks afterwards.

RUSSIAN BALTIC FLEET AT CHERBOURG.



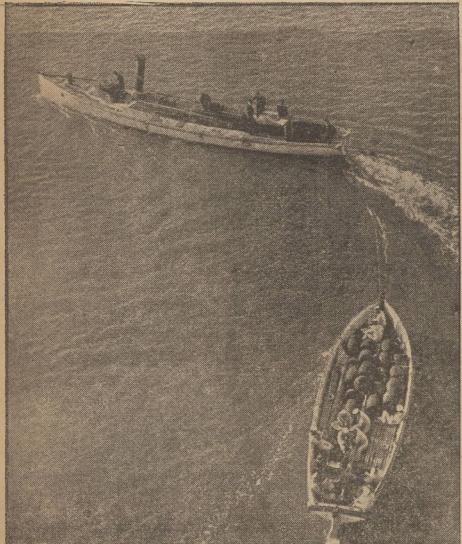
Some of the Russian torpedo-boats of the Baltic Fleet lying in Cherbourg Harbour prior to starting for Vigo.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

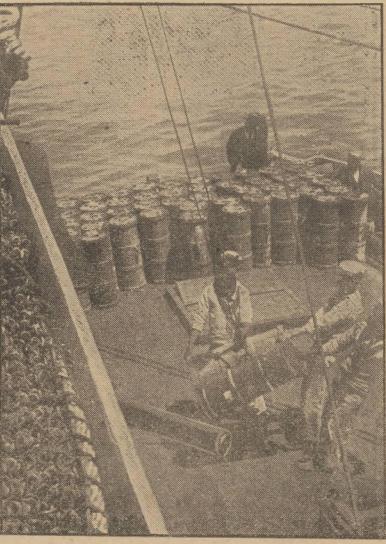


British gunners at their post behind two of the big guns on a first-class battleship.—(Gale and Polden.)

TAKING STORES AND AMMUNITION ABOARD.



The ship's steam launch towing stores out to a battleship in Portsmouth Harbour.—(Cribb, Southsea.)



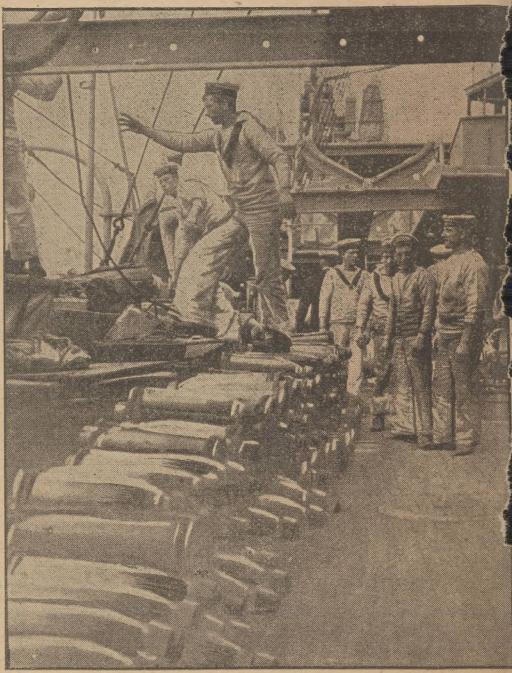
Jack Tars taking cordite aboard a war vessel at Portsmouth.—(Cribb, Southsea.)

MOBILISING THE B



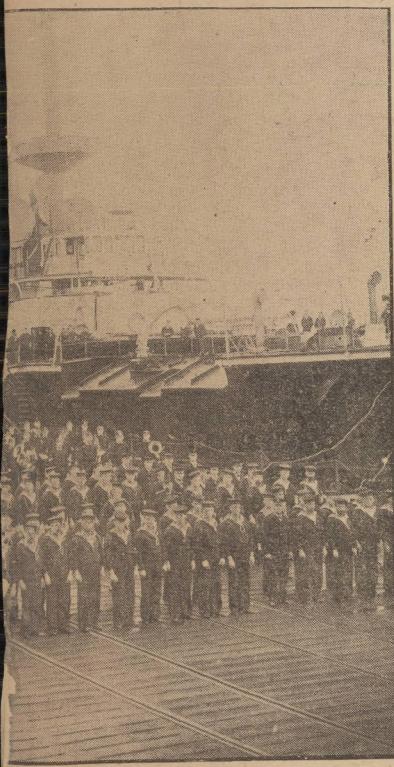
A detachment of a ship's company parading in the dockyard prior to sea.)

SHELLS FOR THE BIG GUNS.



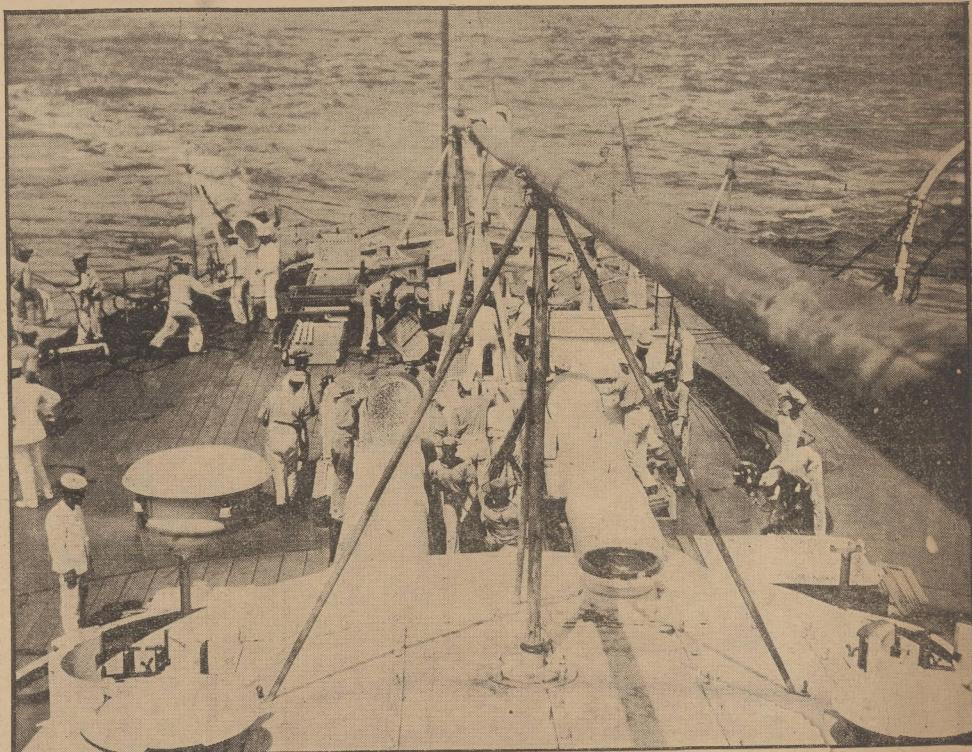
Preparing for sea. Taking shells aboard at Portsmouth for the 12-in. guns.—(Cribb.)

ITISH FLEETS.



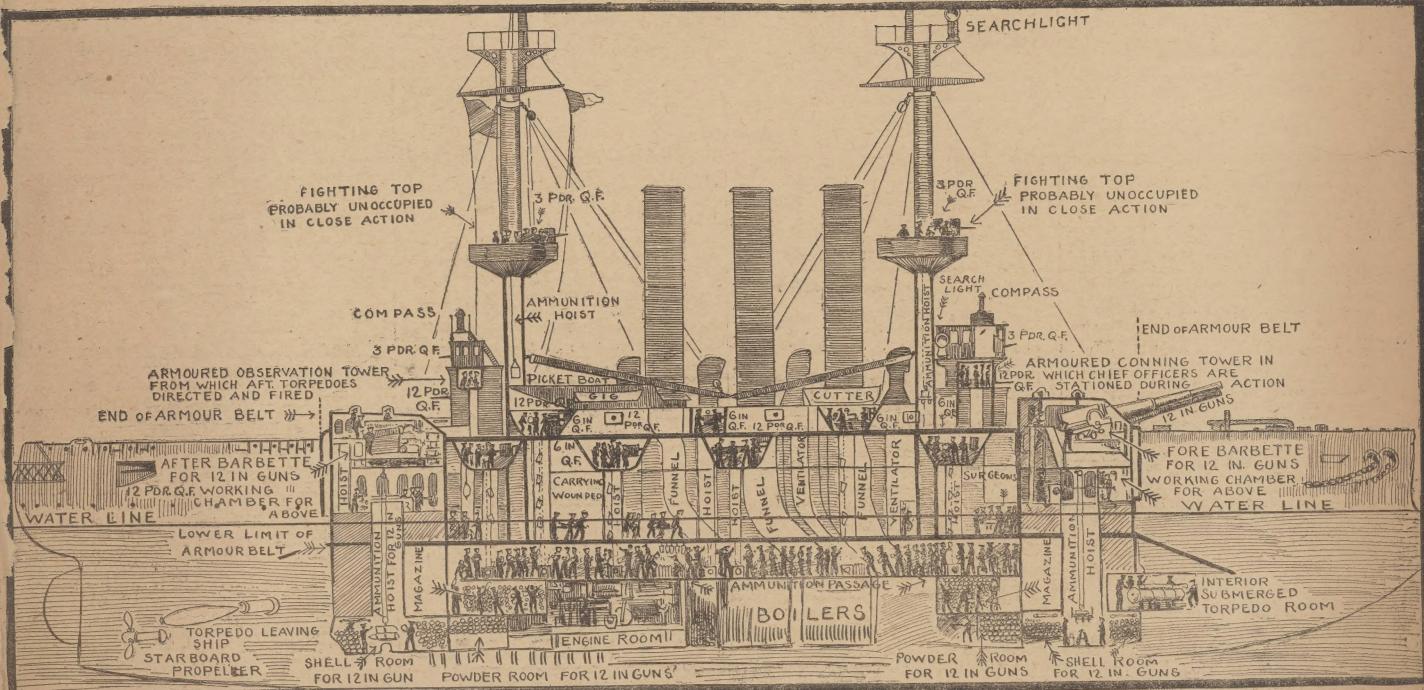
boarding the warship lying alongside.—(Cozens, South-

CLEARING THE DECKS FOR ACTION.



This spirited photograph, taken during manœuvres, represents faithfully the exciting scene on board a battleship at the moment when the decks are cleared for action. Already the boats have been removed from the davits, and everything which could obstruct the fire of the big guns is now being cleared from the quarter-decks. The davits are being unshipped, and every piece of woodwork and railing, which would be set on fire or splintered by the enemy's shells is being rapidly taken away, leaving the deck absolutely bare.—(Cribb, Southsea.)

A PEEP ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP WHEN IN ACTION.



By careful examination of the above sectional drawing of the interior of a first-class battleship a comprehensive idea can be formed of the scenes on board a warship when in action. The positions of the powerful guns, magazines, submerged torpedo-tubes, and the various other deadly machines used in naval warfare are clearly and graphically shown.—(Copyright "Illustrated London News".)

Russian Army Led by Drunken Gamblers of Vicious Life.

IS THE FLEET THE SAME?

(By a War Correspondent.)

The suggestion that the officers responsible for the murder of British fishermen buried at Hull yesterday were drunk would be outrageous if it were not generally known that the Tsar's naval and military services are in a very bad state. So far as the Army goes, there is no doubt that its state is very bad indeed. I have no reason to suppose the naval officer is much better.

Since I returned from the front, I have been constantly asked what the Russian soldiers are like.

The men are soon described. They are big, sturdy fellows, always cheerful. So far as they can get hot water for their tea and enough vodka all other comforts are forgotten. They are mostly brave and simple-minded men, easy to lead, and with a confidence and respect bordering on adoration for their officers.

"As for the officers, the Russian officer is a very nice fellow when he is sober. He is not of much account as a leader, for he has not studied war, and has never attached any importance to his responsibilities.

SHOTS IN A RESTAURANT.

"When I stopped at Irkutsk, on my way to Manchuria, I found a large number of the Tsar's officers there. I soon found that it was better not to cultivate their acquaintance at night. I have seen them sit down to dinner and commence with vodka. Then came wine, followed by champagne and Benedictine, and then more vodka. By eleven o'clock they were jumping on the tables, drawing their swords from their scabbards, and swinging them over the heads of their neighbours.

"I remember in a public restaurant in Irkutsk seeing a Cossack officer pull out his revolver and commence shooting at large all round him. Fortunately, his comrades were not so drunk as he was, so, in order to protect themselves and others from harm, they roped the Cossack round from head to foot and put him a corner out of harm's way.

"Vodka and women are never far away from the Russian officer, even when he is at war. At Liao-yang, when I was there, there were nine 'cafés-chantants' all doing a roaring trade, and until a general war was found dead in one of these houses after passing the night there, no one thought of interfering with them. When that happened General Kropotkin issued an order to reduce the number of the 'cafés-chantants.' That merely resulted in all the foreign newspaper correspondents being turned out. The women whose charms were so highly appreciated by the officers were left undisturbed.

"A few nights after the Petropavlovsk disaster held the Grand Duke Boris with four danseuses held high festival in one of these places of amusement from eleven o'clock at night until seven the next morning. The Russians are not very particular as to how a man behaves, but among his own countrymen the Grand Duke Boris is always referred to as 'the scandalist.'

HEROIC SISTERS OF MERCY.

A deplorable account of the average Russian Army officer is given in a 'Fortnightly Review' article.

Most of the officers in the Army, says Mr. Angus Hamilton, are unfit to exercise any authority whatever. Destitute of all moral qualities, they find their only pleasure at the gambling tables and in drinking saloons.

Even on active service they dissipate their evenings in every form of vice. In Manchuria restraint has quite disappeared.

The one redeeming feature in 'the mass of corruption of degenerate manhood' (so Mr. Hamilton describes the Tsar's army in the Far East) has been the heroism of the Red Cross nursing sisters.

"The hard-working, earnest, practical little women, ignorant but industrious, who devote their time to the welfare of the Russian soldiers, make a beautiful picture. They are fearless. They endure the same fatigues as the soldiers, and sacrifice very willingly their lives to save their charges."

Mr. Hamilton thinks they exercise a greater influence than the long-coated, long-haired priests, of whom he says: "Repulsive and unsympathetic, uncleanly and ugly, they are the incarnation of ignorance and superstition."

Much the same tale is told by Mr. T. F. Millard in 'Scribner's Magazine.' Half Russia's officers, he says, would not be considered in America to have had even a common-school training; and "it is impossible to ignore the tendency to dissipation among them."

THE LATEST WAR GAME.

Strolling through the park one morning, a man saw a ragged little urchin snap up another boy's toy-boat from the pond and run away. In the interests of law, and order he gave chase, and, intercepting the delinquent, said: "I've a good mind to give you no charge, you young scamp! How dare you run away with that boat?" "Us is only playin', gopher! It's or'right." "Pisn't that right?" "Do you stealin' playin'?" "No, mister this 'ere's a new game. Us is playin' at war. That kid over there is Russia, and I'm the tuver bloke!"

What the Kaiser Would Have Done in Such a Crisis.

Supposing it had been a German squadron which ran into the midst of a British fishing fleet and opened fire, as the Russians did, how would Kaiser William have acted?

Would he have shilly-shallied as the Tsar has done? Would he have been turned this way and that by his overbearing advisers?

No, the Hohenzollern spirit would have taught him to take immediate action on his own account.

The first thing on Monday morning he would have telegraphed to King Edward in some such words as these:—

Cannot sufficiently express regret at inexplicable conduct of my Fleet.

That officers of mine should so behave fills me with shame and horror.

If facts are as stated I shall dismiss everyone in any degree responsible to avoid possibility of repetition of such a crime.

Of course, the fullest compensation that is possible will be made without delay.

WILLIAM R. AND I.

The affair would have been at an end so far as the British nation was concerned. We should have cheered the Emperor till we were hoarse. Germany and Britain would have been better friends than before the attack took place.

What a chance the poor, feeble Tsar missed of settling the matter off his own bat and leaving no ill-feeling behind.

THE WORLD AGREED.

How the Russian Attack on Harmless Fishermen Has Been Described.

KING EDWARD.—"Unwarrantable action."

LORD ROSEBERRY.—"Unspeakable outrage."

LORD SELBORNE.—"Inexcusable outrage."

MR. YONALL.—"Drunken lark."

SIR C. FURNES.—"A mad act."

SIR EDWARD GREY.—"Abominable and intolerable."

MR. BRODRICK (Secretary for India).—"Unprecedented outrage."

LORD LONDONDEERRY.—"Appalling and incomprehensible tragedy."

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.—"Unparalleled and cruel outrage."

MR. LYTTELTON (Colonial Secretary).—"The result either of murderous intention or wicked negligence."

Insane conduct.—"Westminster."

Ghastly tragedy.—"Evening News."

Monstrous abuse of force.—"Standard."

Unwarrantable outrage.—"Daily News."

Amazing stupidity.—"New York Times."

Crinical blunder.—"New York Herald."

Intolerable outrage.—"New York Tribune."

Wanton act of treachery.—"New York Press."

Brutal aggression.—"Independence" (Belgian).

Not only an outrage, but an insult.—"Times,"

Enormous and deplorable error.—"Rappel" (French).

Blunder hard to comprehend.—"Fremdenblatt" (Austrian).

Act of madness and barbarity unparalleled in history.—"Sun."

Brutality and foolishness.—"Workmen's Gazette" (Austrian).

Monstrous and inexplicable.—"Berliner Neueste Nachrichten" (German).

Heinous crime against international law.—"Nieuws Vanden Dag."

Worst thing that has happened since Russian war began.—"Chronicle."

Error against all laws of civilisation and common sense.—"Mattino" (Italian).

Crowning deed of folly unparalleled in sea history.—"New York Journal."

Breaks the most elementary rules of international courtesy and humanity.—"Tribuna" (Italian).

A Russian outrage which excites the indignation of the whole civilised world.—"Cologne Gazette" (German).

FROM THE CYNIC'S NOTEBOOK.

Tell a girl she is pretty, you may win her approval; tell her her rival is ugly, you will win her eternal gratitude.

To win a girl, a man must excite her curiosity, command her admiration, arouse her interest, and then—make her cry.

A man's capacity for falling in love is like the phenomena of electrical discharge in a thunder-storm: it accumulates until it reaches a certain degree, and then strikes the nearest available object.

The best part of a man's manliness is his boyishness; the best of a girl's girlishness is her womanliness.

There is a peculiar variety of girls whose preference for a man is always manifested by extreme ill-usage.—"Pacific Monthly."

Britain Must Be Ready for a Land Campaign in Defence of India.

Englishmen are convinced that a fraction of Britain's fleet would be enough to send Rojestvensky and his ships to the bottom of the sea. Russia as a naval Power would no longer exist.

But the destruction of the Baltic Fleet would result in a fierce cry for vengeance in Russia. What would the Russians do then? They would seek revenge in the only practicable quarter—Central Asia and the Indian frontier.

The Tsar has a vast army, of which only a fraction is engaged fighting Japan. All Russians believe the legend that India's dark-faced millions are awaiting a white-skinned deliverer from the East. India, to Russian eyes, is a land of fabulous wealth. It is the jewel of Asia. When Nicholas II., then Tsarevitch, visited the Indian Empire, he gushed over it like a schoolgirl.

RUSSIA READY TO BEGIN.

Russia's best general, Kropotkin, when asked to draw up a plan of Indian invasion, answered, "It is impossible." India could not be attacked immediately. Its outposts and bulwarks must fall first. Therefore, if war breaks out, India will be at peace for many a month. The Tsar's objective will be Afghanistan.

For Afghanistan, Russia is ready—as far as it is possible for Russia to be ready for anything. Formerly, she had only one line of communication to the Ameer's frontier. This autumn she has completed a second. Troops from South Russia would be sent by the old Transcaspian Railway, the bugbear of English politicians twenty years ago. From Central Russia forces would be sent by the short route afforded by the Orenburg-Tashkent Railway. This line is unbroken, and only 1,000 miles long. Herat would be the Muscovite objective. It is defended by 40,000 brave and fairly well-trained Afghans. The Russians admit that if it held out for long, their campaign would fail. Lord Kitchener would march into Afghanistan, and relieve it.

If it fell by a sudden blow, however, Russia would overrun Northern Afghanistan before England could do anything. She would bribe or terrorse the Ameer and continue the Kushk branch of her railway to Kandahar.

TO START A CIVIL WAR.

India would not be attacked at once. To get as far as the Indus is Russia's utmost hope. But if she held Afghanistan, she would have a continuous frontier with our. India would be imperilled, and perhaps directly attacked in a second campaign. The Russian official plans estimate that a six months' campaign would make the Tsar possessor of Afghanistan. Nothing could stop this but a counter British advance north. The Ameer could not alone defeat Russia.

There are two pretenders to the Ameer's throne living under Russian protection. Russia would set up one of them as a claimant and attempt to create civil war in the country.

Russia protests that she does not want India, or even Afghanistan. But whether she wants them or not, if war breaks out her only chance of victory lies in South-Central Asia. She must either attack us there or allow her fleet to be destroyed without more than a verbal protest. England must therefore be ready—ready not only on sea, but on land also.

RUSSIAN CONTEMPT FOR LIFE.

Why They Do Not Take the Present Crisis So Seriously As We Do.

Englishmen cannot understand why Russia continues to treat the North Sea outrage calmly and as a matter that needs only a tardy apology and the payment of a few thousand pounds.

Only those who live in the Tsar's Empire can elucidate the puzzle. The Russians are humane enough in their ordinary relations, but are ruthless in regard to human life. The painful sacrifice at Liao-yang and Sha-ho have not changed their sentiments in regard to war. Why should the death of two English fishermen?

In the Moscow Foundling Hospital there are 5,000 abandoned children, of whom three out of four die. Nobody cares. Nobody complains. A Russian, to whom the writer spoke on the subject, replied: "Yes, it's true, but there are 140,000,000 left. Life is a plaything."

In 1859, a St. Petersburg ivostchik drove his fare into the Neva. A passer-by tried to rescue the man, but the crowd held him back. An inquest was held. At the inquest it appeared that someone had said, "One man drowned is not much to the Holy Russia."

The St. Petersburg Government is ruthless in regard to human life. Ruthlessness sometimes pays. Hundreds of "undesirable," though innocent, peasants who refused to undergo military service were recently exiled to the Caucasus, where they died of hunger or were butchered by Mohammedan bandits. That is why Russians cannot understand the Englishman's indignation at the Baltic Fleet's misdeeds. It cares so little for human life that it does not even dread the threat of war.

OUR OWN FAULT.

If we had always been firm with Russia she would have backed down at once in this case.

She has so often been allowed to bluff us that she can do it always.

Now she finds out her mistake.

Gloucester-gate, N.W. A. N. HARRISON.

NO ONE IN CHARGE.

Isn't it rather dangerous to leave the Foreign Office at any time without anyone in charge capable of taking instant action?

I see that last Sunday the Foreign Secretary and the Under-Secretary and the Permanent Secretary were all out of town.

Surely one of the three ought always to be there.

EX-F. O. CLERK.

CAN HE BE MAD?

Admiral Rojestvensky used the language of a lunatic, if his expressions are correctly reported.

We knew when we left Libau that we had to fire upon every boat that came near us. We have a great duty to accomplish.

This is exactly the sort of inflated talk you hear in the insane use. Can the Admiral have gone mad?

Tooting, S.W. ASYLUM DOCTOR.

TOO PATIENT.

Why did we give Russia so long to reply?

Everyone I have talked to is agreed that twenty-four hours would have been quite enough.

If your neighbour's dog eats your chickens, you don't give him a week to square the matter up.

If he doesn't do so at once you have the law of him.

We have been too patient, I think.

Sevenoaks, Kent. H. R. SUNDERLAND.

ARE THEY SEAMEN, OR?

Everyone who has been at sea knows what lights fishing-boats carry; and knows, too, that they must be given a wide berth.

They have their nets down and cannot move out of the way. Therefore, all experienced seamen round them.

The question is: Are there any experienced seamen in command of the Baltic Fleet?

R.Y.S. Castle, Cowes. OLD SALT.

UNITED WE STAND.

I cannot fully express my thankfulness that in this hour of trial Britons are united as one man.

No voice is raised in depreciation of our insistence upon our just rights. Even those who are opposed to war on principle agree that Britain cannot abate one jot or tittle of her reasonable demands.

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil," wrote Shakespeare. His words have a significant application to this present crisis.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

MISS CORELLI AND THE MOTOR.

I notice you quote the comments of "Motoring Illustrated" on "Miss Corelli's Scorching" since corrected.

But, as a reader of her article on "Society and Sunday," I do not see that Miss Corelli has any antipathy against motoring in general. She only objects to it as a Sunday pastime.

The Midland Grand Hotel. H. W. VERNON.

HOMES FOR EVERYONE.

Having just left the Army, on a pension, and being desirous of settling in the country, I searched in vain to find a comfortable and substantial cottage at a cost within my moderate means, until I came across an advertisement of Homesteads, Limited.

I am now comfortably settled on one of their estates, and have a well-built wood and iron bungalow (detached), containing six rooms, with a good water supply. This I purchased, together with an acre of excellent land, for £165 freehold, situated on main road, and two miles from station. This, I think, will take some beating.

R. L. late Coldstream Guards.

Carterton, Clanfield, Oxon.

LONDON'S NEW ORCHESTRA.

Its First Performance Creates a Most Favourable Impression.

Owing to the wonderful strides in popularity that orchestral music has made in this country recently London concert-goers will probably welcome the fact that this season, for the first time, the metropolis has two permanent orchestras, the London Symphony Orchestra and the Queen's Hall Orchestra.

The first-named band, which opened its season at Queen's Hall yesterday, is a co-operative orchestra run by the players themselves. It is a superb orchestra, probably the finest in the world, every man being an artist on his instrument. Certainly it is finer than any foreign orchestra that has visited this country.

Yesterday's concert revealed some wonderful capabilities of the new band. Their tone and style of playing in the Wagner overture was magnificent and Tchaikovsky's "Elegy" brought out some beautiful ethereal playing by the "strings."

The announced performances of the orchestra under the baton of some of the great Continental conductors will be eagerly awaited.

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

CHAPTER XLI.

The Fulfilment of a Dream.

Dr. René Fromenthal was a happy man; he was, tangible, spread out before him, the fulfilment of his dream. The Pension Fromenthal, as he humbly named the temple of his achievement, had proved a huge success—there was not one side on which the venture did not promise well.

With much flourishing of trumpets and enormous exercise of the puff preliminary, the hydrostatic had been opened a month since. Even yet the illustrated papers teemed with photographs of this palace of health, unprettified in its luxury.

Yes, beyond doubt, Dr. René Fromenthal was a very lucky and a very clever man, and of these attributes no one was more keenly aware than the worthy physician himself, as to-night he glanced casually over the well-filled dining saloon.

The saloon had all the spaciousness so characteristic of French reception-rooms; although the centre of the floor was littered with round tables of varying sizes there was no suggestion of crush. The prevailing colours were white and gold, but just now the blatant virginity of the place was flushed rosy pink with the light of innumerable shaded candles.

"Bien, très bien," said Fromenthal to himself, as his eyes travelled round the apartment. "You have the soul of an artist, mon ami. The eye for effect!" The next moment he bent his head in smiling response to the lady who sat in the post of honour on his left.

"Ah, you like the tables so, Princess?" he

Mrs. Raycroft's hands clenched as they lay in her lap. She was beginning to find her position extremely unpleasant. Fromenthal had insisted upon introducing her to the Pension as his sister, but his attentions were now those of a lover, and not of a suppliant lover, but of one who is so certain of the object of his choice that he hardly troubles to woo.

Her patience, if not her love, for Robert Ferris was rapidly becoming exhausted. He seemed to have lost all self-respect, he passed his days mooning in the grounds, or sitting in her private little drawing-room in a half-uddled condition.

Her eyes sought the stranger in whom Fromenthal had shown so much interest. He was barely through one course of the elaborate dinner, so singularly deliberate were his movements. She found herself watching him—there was something unusual, yet vaguely familiar about the man. Suddenly it flashed upon her that he wore gloves, well-fitting white gloves. What an extraordinary thing for a man to do at a dinner-table! As she looked he raised his hand and passed it over his head with a quick, abrupt movement. Who had that trick in the old days? As she wondered the man looked across at her, their eyes met. He looked away.

Myra leaned across the table.

"Robert," she whispered suddenly. "Robert!" Her voice roused the man sitting opposite. He raised his dull eyes to her face.

"Look at that man sitting at the table, the third from your left," she whispered warningly. "He is remarkable, don't you think? Does he remind you of anyone?"

"Odd looking chap," said Ferris with some hesitation; "seems familiar, but I don't fancy I have seen him before."

their numberless suites of rooms, each complete in itself, were admirably suited to the requirements of Dr. Fromenthal.

Patients were permitted to hire a suite of rooms for a long or short period, and, if really unable to dine downstairs, were served in their own apartments, but it was a part of Fromenthal's system that all the guests must meet together at least once a day while under his care.

In a very charming blue and white suite on the third floor Mrs. Edward Wells was established. For the first week she had obtained the permission of the doctor for perfect privacy. He saw at once that the woman's nerves were not in a condition to allow her to mix with her fellow guests. He surmised a mental shock, and had privately determined to endeavour to probe to the bottom of her little mystery when opportunity offered.

Stephen Lathom, under the name of Stephen Wells, posed as her cousin's and secretary. She had purposely spoken of him as a person of not much account, and the Frenchman had not dreamt of wedding the personality of the secretary to that of the handsome stranger who attracted the attention of the Princess in the dining-saloon.

Mrs. Wells, who was sitting at the fire staring into the flames, started up in her chair almost guiltily as Stephen entered. She was anxious not to let him see the real depth of her illness and sorrow. He came forward with a smiling greeting. "What was it like downstairs," she asked, "very gay? If their treatment is as pleasant as their decorations, I am glad to decide to come to the Pension Fromenthal!"

"It was distinctly gay," replied Stephen with a short laugh. "The excellent Fromenthal does things in the best of style. But my dinner was a little marred, Amy. I made a discovery. My good cousin and his friend Mrs. Raycroft were dining not three tables from me."

"Stephen! Did they recognise you?"

He shook his head.

"I hardly know. I think, I am almost sure, that Mrs. Raycroft did. I believe that she directed Ferris's attention to me. He certainly did not recognise me, though he stared at me."

Amy twisted her rings nervously. Her small face flushed and paled. A terrible fear that harm was going to come on her protector, the one friend she possessed in the world, almost paralysed her.

"The most confoundedly odd thing about the whole matter is," he said after a pause, "Mrs. Raycroft is acting as the manageress of this concern, and is spoken of as Dr. Fromenthal's sister. Now, that's impossible—Myra is not a Frenchwoman, and I happen to know that she never bore the name of Fromenthal. Before Raycroft married her she was a Miss Beresford; Robert met her in Heidelberg, where her father was a sort of freelance tutor. It looks fishy, eh?"

She did not know what to think, and said so, with nervous, trembling lips.

"Poor little woman," he said tenderly, "don't be frightened. Ferris can harm me not at all. I am not in the least afraid of him. Myra, unless she has greatly changed, would be my friend in an affair of this sort. What distresses and puzzles me is—why is Robert Ferris here alone? Where is Hilda? I tell you, Amy, my blood boiled at the sight of him, when I thought of her. He looks like a man who is drinking himself to death."

Amy Wells, who knew the whole story now of Stephen's infatuation for his cousin's wife, frowned.

"As I said before, Stephen," she murmured, "I think you should endeavour to see Hilda. It is right that she should be put in possession of poor Edward's story." She looked at him pleadingly.

Before he could reply a servant knocked at the door and entered.

"The compliments of your Serene Highness the Princess Krestowski to Madame and Monsieur," he said, "and she requests the honour of their company at nine o'clock in the Veronese Salon."

Then, seeing the surprise on Stephen's face, he added, "Her Highness entertains, every evening, the guests of M. le docteur."



WHEN YOU
CAN'T EAT,
CAN'T WORK,
CAN'T THINK,
CAN'T SLEEP,

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INTERESTING—REAL—HUMAN.

A Remarkably Clever Serial Story will Begin
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REMEMBER Monday—Monday—Monday.

murmured. "It charms me to find you so complimentary! For myself, I thought it more pleasant than the terrible English custom, as I have observed, in places of this nature. It allows to those who prefer it—solitude amid the multitude, and for others—amusement for—"

he paused and made a gesture of his fine hand which suggested the whole art of intrigue from the very beginning.

The woman he had addressed as Princess laughed a little. Laughter suited her; she was aware of this and applied her art sparingly.

"You understand the art of living, mon cher," she said in a low voice, "you would show us the extreme undesirability of dying, is it not so?"

"You're a wise woman, Princess," he said, noticing with distinct disapproval that her pretty eyes were fixed on a man who had just entered the dining-room, and was taking his seat at a not very distant table—the only wholly deserted table in the huge room.

The doctor also looked, and looked with a keen, professional scrutiny. What manner of man was this who had stepped into the net he spread so enticingly in the face of the whole world?

"Interesting, eh?" snapped out the Princess suddenly. "Come, mon cher, you are a student of the world; place that man for me."

Fromenthal put that innocent question: "What man, your Highness?"

"There, don't you see him? Oh, there—at the first table in the central aisle—a handsome man with a white face and grey hair!"

Her voice, never particularly low-pitched, rose to a shrill pipe in her excitement. A woman sitting at an adjacent table looked from the doctor and smiled slightly. She was a magnificently-dressed creature, with exquisite bronze hair, which glittered like flame in the candle light.

Fromenthal noticed her smile and turned to the Princess. "If you will excuse me, your Highness," he said, in a low voice. "I will ask my sister. She is sure to know who or what this latest comer is."

Before she could detain him the Frenchman had crossed the space between the tables and touched the woman with the bronze hair on the shoulder. She looked up with a very decided frown.

"Who is this man with the grey hair in the central aisle?" he asked. "Do you know anything of him, Myra?" His tone was almost angry, whispered as the question was.

Mrs. Raycroft shook her head.

"Why on earth should I know anything of him?" she whispered. "I am not your cashier."

Fromenthal gave her shoulder a hardly perceptible pressure. "You are the keeper of my conscience, however," he murmured caressingly. "How goes the enemy? Drinking too much, as usual?" He glanced towards the other occupant of the table, Robert Ferris, who sat crouched back in his chair, a wineglass twisting in his nerveless fingers, his eyes bent on the pattern of the cloth.

Myra muttered some angry response, but with a bland smile Fromenthal left her, and glided back to his own table.

He sank back in his seat, however, his pale face reddened, his breath a little laboured. There was something in the set of the man's square shoulders which roused painful memories in his breast.

He paused and made a gesture of his fine hand which suggested the whole art of intrigue from the very beginning.

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For supply to-day, and personally prove the truth of the statements made. We shall be pleased to give any further information on the subject if readers will write to us.

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Many letters have been received, of which the originals may be seen in our office, and some extracts from them follow:—

"Having suffered for some time from nervous debility, loss of appetite, and some slight depression, I tried so-called remedies and cures out of number without any good results being obtained, I had almost given up hope. I then heard of Bishop's Tonules. I decided I would give them a trial, took the treatment regularly, as directed in your advertisement, and after the first few experiments, got relief. My headaches gradually disappeared, my appetite improved, my language, let me entreat you, and now I can enjoy my health, every sign of my complaint being gone."

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Bought under very favourable circumstances, all fresh goods, new, and down to date. 5,000 Yards English Satin 1/4 per yard. 5,000 Yards Silk Satin 1/2 per yard. Silk Stripe and Plaid Taffetas 1/5 per yard. Black Silk Merges, Coloured Spots 1/3 per yard. Chiffon, Taffeta Silks 50/- per yard. Crêpe de Chine Washing Silks 1/3 per yard. Black Broche Silks 1/10 per yard. Odd Lot Glacé Messaline Checks, stripes and Fancies at 1/8 per yard.

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[The Picture is that of Master EDWARD SALTER.]

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is the best friend next to its mother that a child ever has! When your little one is not well it may help your child to a cure to remember that Scott's Emulsion is an every-day remedy in over 300 hospitals and Sanatoria, that it is quite cordially recommended by more than 1800 certified nurses, and is constantly prescribed by over 5000 medical men. [The letters recording these facts can be inspected]. If, however, you prefer to obtain first the frank opinion of your nursery, send 4d. (for postage) to Scott & Bowne, Ltd., 10-11, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., name this paper and you will receive a free sample bottle with which to test the matter, and "The Spirit of the Sunshine," which will amuse your little ones for hours at a time!

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Continued from page 2.

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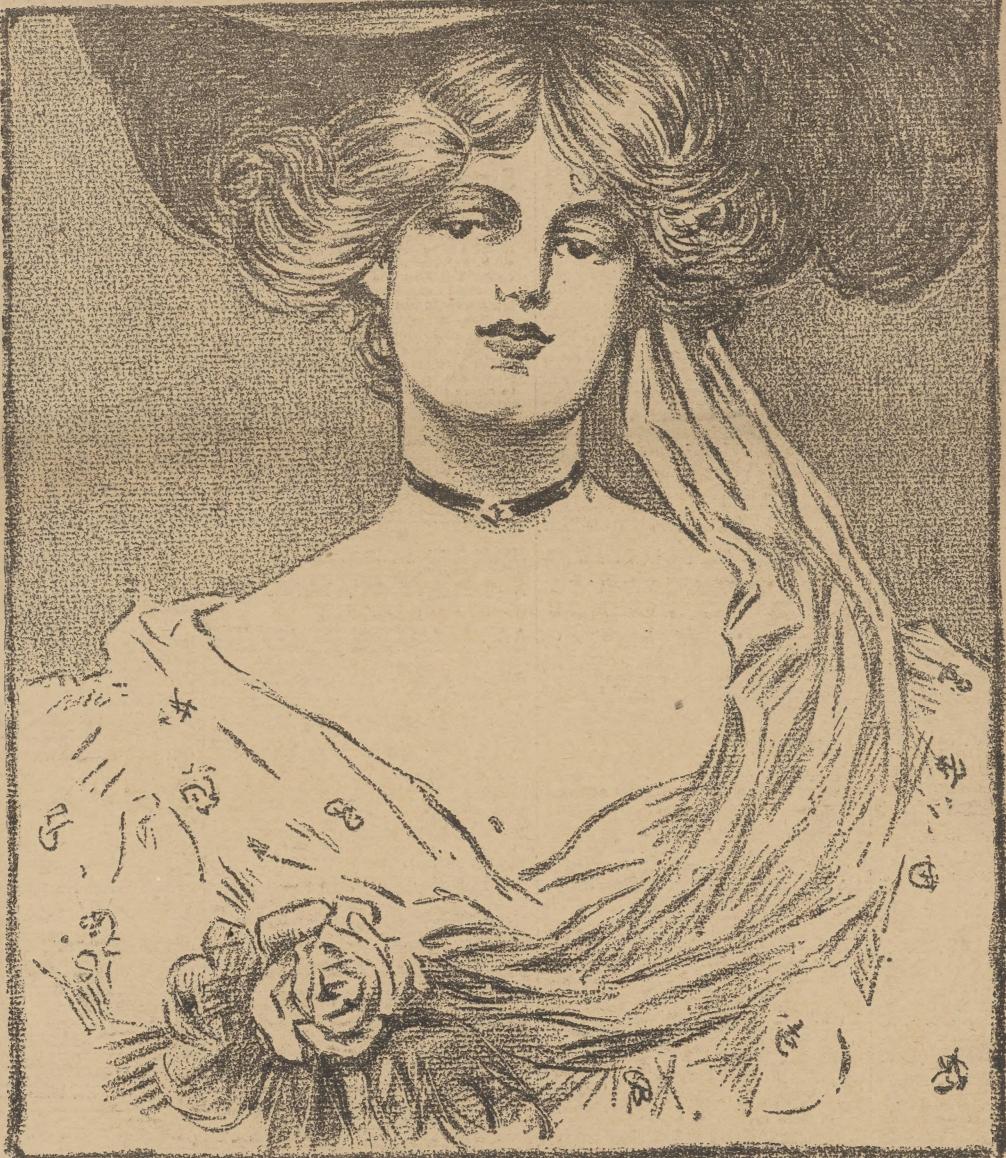
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